

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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DEAD.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY BEILA Z. SPENCER.

Dead! dead! Oh! how fearful, appalling the word.
What dark desolation it brings! How it stings
In the heart till it throbs and it aches!
How it wails in the winds, rolls up on the waves—
Drifts by us in silence and beats in the rain,
Till, heart-sick and brain-sick, we long for this Death,
As a medicine to heal all our woes.

'Tis the sunshine grows pale,
And writes on the leaves and the grass as it passes,
"Dead, dead." And the moonbeams are cold—
Oh! so cold,
And so chillingly white—white as Death in itself!
The beautiful stars—they are pale, too,
Like virgins struck dumb with a grief
Far too heavy for words.

Dark-robed Night
Stands still, like Niebe, yet bathed in her tears,
Which fall from her cheeks upon newly-made graves,
Where they glitter in characters mournfully sweet
Yet full of unutterable woe.
Dead! Turn to the East, to the West,
To the North, to the South!—a million and more
Of white shafts and pale tombstones uplift
To the heavens dear names, and loving remembrances,
Coupled with "died," and the dates and the ages,
So useful to see, when the loved ones are gone!

Oh! my God!
Where can we turn that Death has not been?
Where eyes have not closed, nor lips have
Grown mute,
Nor brave hearts been stilled with one blow!
Where no tears have fallen, no sobe have gone forth
With a wail and a prayer!—where mothers
Have wept not, and wives have not called
In vain upon tender ones, gone to their rest!
Where sisters ne'er wrung their white fingers,
And maidens with snow-pallid lips and sad eyes
Have folded no tokens of love to their hearts,
With cries of despair—brave letters, and words
Breathing tenderness sweet to the soul, and pictures,
And soft locks of hair, while hidden away
Within their pure hearts are pledges
To be fulfilled soon, when lovers return!

Return! Alas!
Dear Columbia! thy bosom has pillowed
How many of thee, who never may wake!
How many lie low upon Shiloh—at Corinth!
How many at Nashville and Memphis—
At Cairo, Mount City, and Belmont?
Wander on from the numbers unnamed
In the West, and Eastward your eyes
Will fall upon names whose dark fields
Where red blood has flowed like the waters
Of fierce mountain streams.

Oh! ye brave martyrs, come home to your rest—
God blesses them, taking them unto Himself—
Sweet Freedom, the purchase of Life.
And he whose voice bade ye go forth
To die for this Freedom, has followed
Ye down to the grave—a grave as low, deep,
As any on battle-fields, far, far away.
The terrible sacrifice now is complete,
And the Ruler sleeps low with his brethren
Who wrought out his will, as the serf
And the slave, for Liberty's sake.

PROVING AN ALIBI.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY ESSEX.

PART I.

It was a warm August evening; the beach
near Soudport was thronged with gay promena-
ders, who were strolling about enjoying the
music of the band from the fort, that was playing
on the esplanade near the shore. It was a
pretty scene, the town in the distance half hidden
away among the trees that were its great beauty;
the trim fort, with its slopes of green grass and
its irregular gray walls; the well-dressed crowd
on the sands, and, beyond all, the sea rolling in
all flashing with crimson and gold, under the
level rays of the setting sun, that lit up the
clear sky above into a dome of amber and rosy light.

Of course, in such an assembly as this there
were a great many pretty women, but there was
not one among them who was likely so to attract
and rivet the attention as the young
widow, Mrs. Templeton, or Mrs. Flora Leroy
Templeton, as she styled herself, not choosing
that her friends should wholly forget the former
girl, Flora Leroy, in the present quiet Mrs.
Templeton. She was only twenty-four, though
she had been a widow more than two years.

Her face always strikingly handsome, and had
a look of character in its pensive beauty, that
rendered it far more fascinating than in all its
first bloom of girlish freshness. For in this
country, although we see scores of pretty girls
with rosy cheeks and laughing lips, we rarely
see that more mature and striking attractive-
ness that, consisting in regularity of feature and
charm of expression, will survive the loss of the
first rudiments of early youth, and charm with
the lasting loveliness of intellect and character;
when, therefore, such a face as Mrs. Templeton's
appears amid more ordinary beauties, it charms
with an irresistible fervor that is likely to
produce an impression not easily shaken off.

The truth of this last assertion might have
found attestation from a score of Mrs. Templeton's
admirers, had they been willing to proclaim
how powerful was the attraction of her gray eyes
and soft voice, or how much more difficult it was
to forget the magic of their fascination than the more
harmless assaults of a dozen ordinary girls. This afternoon her com-
panion, Charlie Wentworth, could not help some
such thoughts as he strolled by her side, and
turned away now and then to admire the outline
of her faultless profile, and the clear hue of the
delicate rose tint in her cheek.

"She's very handsome," he thought—"a
thousand times handsomer than any of the
baby-faced girls that I dance with. If she only
was not a widow, and had not that flame-haired
little girl, I believe I should propose to her at
once! Bah! I'm a fool!" he concluded, as he
had in a score of similar reflections. "The idea
of me, at twenty-five, becoming a family man,
with that little chit to call me 'papa.' No! it's
too absurd; besides, I don't believe she cares a
straw about me." And he sighed as he reached
this climax, as if that idea was not a peculiarly
agreeable or consoling one after all.

And then the band that had been giving the
finale to Lucia so loudly, that it was impossible
to converse, finished with a grand flourish, and
Flora looked up to speak to her companion.
He was a handsome fellow, this Charlie Wentworth,
with curling clustered hair, side whiskers
and moustache of teasing gold, clear blue
eyes, and a frank smile that displayed the regular
white teeth, which were one of his principal
beauties. He was tall and stalwart of proportion,
and those who had ever saw the quick
wrath that sometimes could flash from his azure
eyes, had thought him an antagonist not lightly
to be roused.

But Flora, when she looked up, caught his
gaze so earnestly fixed upon her, that for a moment
the words she had been about to utter died
on her lips, and she flushed under that earnest
scrutiny. Yes, Charlie was studying, as he
had many times before that day, that faultless
figure that was rounded to the full proportions
of maturity, the wave in the brown hair that
rolled back under the drooping straw hat; the
contour of the lovely face, and the exquisite
taste of the light morning costume, that suited
so well with the half pensive cast of Flora's
beauty. It was a dangerous study, but it was
one of which Charlie had lately grown very fond.

In a moment Flora rallied and looked up
again.

"How do you like your quarters at the Beach
House, Mr. Wentworth?"

"Oh, I'm tolerably comfortable—that is, as
much so as a single gentleman is ever allowed
to be in a watering place hotel. I have a little
room, with five pegs in it on which to hang my
entire summer wardrobe, and two drawers in
which to put all the rest of it that won't hang up."

Flora laughed, a low, silvery laugh, that
showed that she had by no means lost all the
power of enjoyment.

"Terrible suffering, truly," she said, "but it
can't make much difference to you, as you have
no crinoline to take care of."

"No crinoline, to be sure, but Mrs. Templeton,
do you think it is no matter if Derby's best
cut coats are hung one over the other, till they
are all in wrinkles, and that my white trousers
never will come out fresh?"

"That is bad," replied Flora—"as bad for
you, I suppose, as rumpled dresses and crushed
muslins are for me. But how do you like the
place otherwise?"

"Oh, it's tolerable—or rather would be but
for that fellow, Anthony."

"What Anthony?"

"Simon Anthony—you know who I mean,
of course."

"Yes," replied Flora—"I know him quite
well. But why do you dislike him?"

"Oh, because he is so disagreeable. He is
stupid, and purse-proud, and overbearing, and
Mrs. Templeton, you know, by Jove! I detest
that man."

"Why, did you ever meet him before?"
asked Flora, surprised at the warmth of Char-
lie's declaration.

"Meet him before! Certainly—we lived in
the same house all last winter, and I took an
intense dislike to him; he was such a cub. We
had one or two encounters there, so that now
our acquaintance has dropped into a mere for-
mal recognition. I thought I had gotten rid of
him when I left the St. Basil last spring, but
here, to my horror, I encounter him again."

"It's a hard case," said Flora, "but surely
you are too amiable a man to allow such a thing
to irritate you."

"I may be amiable," replied Charlie, rather
gruffly, "but I have got a very quick temper
for all that when I'm roused, as any of my
friends will tell you, Mrs. Templeton, and some-
how with regard to this man he has irritated me
so often that I seldom see him without feeling
as if I should like to aggressively give him such
a caning as would take the starch out of him
for one while."

"And does he know of your dislike?"

"I suppose so, I have never made any secret
of it; indeed I have so often uttered fearful
threats against him that I believe the fellow is
really afraid of me!" and Charlie laughed gaily
at thought of the terror he had inspired.

"Then I dare say he was not very glad to see
you when you appeared here."

"No, indeed, he turned a sort of sickly green
when I entered the dining-room yesterday. But
I beg pardon, Mrs. Templeton, here I've been
abusing him shamefully, and yet you say you
know him, and for aught I know you are a par-
ticular friend of his."

"No, indeed," laughed Flora. "He comes a
good deal to my uncle's. It is true, but I don't
like him much better than you do."

"I am glad of that."

And just then they reached a platform near
the music, where there were benches, and paused
there for a few moments talking to several ac-
quaintances. After a little, Charlie found Flora
a seat, and placed himself beside her; they were
still surrounded by a party of friends, but it was
to Charlie alone that Flora spoke, as she pre-
sently said,

"Parley du diable—there is Mr. Anthony,
now."

"Yes," replied Charlie, glancing in the direction
she indicated, with a quick frown, "and he is
coming towards you."

"Very likely," said Flora, carelessly, "I had
an engagement to drive with him this after-
noon."

"And you broke it to come out with me?"
exclaimed Charlie, all radiant with smiles.

Not at all, Mr. Wentworth, I should not have
done so unduly like a thing even had he been a
great deal more disagreeable than he is. But my
engagement with him was for six o'clock, it was
nearly half-past when you asked me to walk out,
and I considered myself at liberty."

"What a puppy! to break such an appoint-
ment!"

"Rather rude, I think. I wait for no man
after the quarter of an hour's grace, and so
came out with you without troubling myself
about the matter."

Charlie began a speech to the effect that he
hoped she had not regretted the change of ac-
cords, but was interrupted in the middle of it
for just then the very handsome equipage of
Simon Anthony, Esq.,—William St.,
drew up beside them. He was a man certainly
of no very prepossessing appearance, with sandy
hair and white eyebrows, an ugly, ill-featured
face not improved by the perpetual scowl on
the low forehead, and the hard lines about the
thin-lipped mouth. His turn-out was a stylish
one, from the well-matched horses to the liveried
groom who sat behind, though this last person
was as ill favored as his master, with an evil,
lowering countenance that made one pity the
beasts committed to his charge.

Mr. Anthony lifted his hat to Flora as he
reined up, without noticing her companion.

"I beg your pardon, Mrs. Templeton, for
being behind hand this evening, but that stupid
Thomas forgot all about the hour at which I
had ordered the wagon, and never began to get
ready till six o'clock. I hope I am not too late,
now."

"Thank you, Mr. Anthony, but you are too
late," replied Flora, coldly.

Anthony still lingered in spite of this freezing
reply—he would perhaps have left at once had
it not been that he caught sight just then of
Charlie Wentworth's triumphant face.

"Upon my word, Mrs. Templeton," he per-
sisted, "you ought not to be too hard on me—I
assure you it was not my fault. Come, excuse
me this once, and let me help you in—it is
lovely on the beach now."

"You seem not to perceive, sir, that Mrs.
Templeton has another escort," exclaimed
Charlie, starting to his feet in uncontrollable ex-
citement, and looming up six feet of a very
evident obstacle.

"Don't trouble yourself Mr. Wentworth," said
Flora, turning upon him a half belligerent look
at his somewhat hasty interference. "Mr.
Anthony, my engagement with you was for six
o'clock, you failed to keep it, and while I am
quite willing to accept your apology, I must again
decline to drive with you now that I have made
other arrangements for the evening."

"Some other day then, I shall hope to be
more fortunate," said Anthony; and after
lingering a second and receiving no more en-
couragement from Flora, than a polite bow, he
drove reluctantly away.

"Confound the fellow!" cried Charlie, in a
voice which he did not attempt to lower, "it
will be best for him to keep out of my way if he
wants to prolong his life."

He finished the sentence with a half laugh,
for he was ashamed of his own vehemence be-
fore he reached the close, the flash of anger that
had sprang up at Anthony's unbecoming inter-
ference had died out as quickly as did all such
passing wrath in his generous heart, and neither
he nor any of the half dozen persons who heard

him thought of the deep significance these idle
words might one day have.

As for Anthony he drove moodily away vent-
ing his ill-temper as was his wont on his
groom—

"It was all your fault, Thomas, hang you!"
he growled, "you are such a stupid as some-
times!"

Thomas made no reply only a darker frown
gathered on his ugly brow. Three years of this
sort of thing had accustomed him to such
treatment, and taught him how best to re-
sist it.

As he and his master disappeared in the
crowd, Charlie turned to Flora to apologize for
his hasty anger.

"Forgive me, won't you, Mrs. Templeton, for
my impetuosity just now, but really I have dis-
liked that man so long, that everything he says
irritates me, and it was provoking to have him
keep at urging you to go off with him, without
so much as noticing me."

"It was very rude," said Flora, "and I quite
forgive your ready championship."

"Always, Mrs. Templeton, remember I am
always at your service, and only too happy to
be your knight."

Flora smiled her thanks, while Charlie blushed
at his own enthusiasm. She liked this quick
devotion in this handsome young man, and she
sighed as she thought that some day he would
court some fair young girl, and she would lose
a friendship that had been very pleasant to her
for the last year. As for herself she believed
that love and all its possibilities were over for-
ever, and she sighed again more deeply than
before as she reached that conclusion. Then
Charlie, who heard that last sigh, exerted him-
self to the utmost to be agreeable, and suc-
ceeded so well that Flora lingered there till the
last light of sunset had faded away, and the
young moon had begun to sink in the west, like
a timid bride, following with white feet to seek
her royal bridegroom below the dark waters of
the gloomy ocean.

At length, however, she started up; it was
nine o'clock, and she must go home, although
there was still a gay party of friends on the
platform, and she was entreated to stay. But
Flora, who was very strict in her ideas of pro-
priety always, was perpetually haunted by the
face of Mrs. Grundy, and a dread that she should
be called "a fast widow." Moreover, at this
time she was staying with an uncle and aunt,
Judge and Mrs. Dalton, only stately gentilefolk
of the old school, and she thought it best on all
accounts to leave the tranquil beauty of the
summer evening for the close atmosphere of
their solemn drawing room, and so resolutely
refused to listen to Charlie's persuasions for
"one more turn on the beach," and bade him
good bye at her door before half-past nine.

As far as she herself was concerned, Flora
would have thought she might trust herself
safely anywhere and with any man for any pos-
sible danger there might be to her peace. She
had married at twenty a young man who was
the choice of her heart, and his death, after
little more than a year of wedded happiness,
had seemed to her a blow from which she could
never recover. But as the months passed, and
formed themselves into years, the memory of
her loss grew less intolerable; then the prattle
of her little girl roused her into new interest in
life, and now, after nearly three years of widow-
hood, she found herself looking back on the
memory of her brief married life as only a tender
episode of the past, and able to realize that the
world was a very tolerable place even to a
widow, when she is young, rich and handsome.
Of course, she had not been without suitors,
even from her first appearance in society, but
not yet had she admitted to herself that a second
love might be possible. She had met Charlie
Wentworth a year ago, and he had almost from
their first acquaintance made her the object of
his attentions, but thus far neither of them had
acknowledged that it could be anything more
than friendship that drew them so constantly
together. It was the attraction of her presence
that had brought him to Soudport now, and
when about a week after his arrival he heard
that Flora was going with a party of friends on
a trip to Canada, he immediately decided that
his business would oblige him to return at once
to the city.

It was the evening before Flora intended
journey; during the last week she had seen
Charlie every day, and his enjoyment of her so-
ciety would have been complete, but that des-
tiny dislike for Mr. Anthony, Flora would
continue to receive his visits, and had actually
made Charlie wretched for a whole evening by
taking a drive in his handsome establishment.
Charlie on that evening smoked quite a fortune
in cigars, as he paced up and down the beach,
wondering desperately if Flora would "marry
that rich snob, confound him." Nor could he stop
till he had resolved to fling himself at her feet
at once and end this suspense. This had been
the last night but one before Flora was to go,
and Charlie was resolved to have her to himself
on this last evening. He saw her in the morn-
ing, and she said she would be ready at seven
o'clock to take a walk with him, as he pro-
posed. Warm, therefore, by the example of
Anthony, you may be sure Charlie was very
punctual. He found Flora alone on the piazza.

"Aunt and uncle are out," said, as she rose
to meet him. "They were invited to dine at
the Conrads; they would have declined, on my

account, but I insisted they should go, so I told
them I had an engagement for the evening."

"Thank you, I should have been so disap-
pointed had you gone too."

"Oh! I was not invited. Gen. Conrad is an
old friend of uncle's, and gives stiff, old-
fashioned dinner parties; they did not know I
was staying here. But Mr. Wentworth," added
Flora, "what is the meaning of that huge pile
of shawls you have with you? One would sup-
pose we were going aloft riding on a winter's
night, instead of for a summer evening stroll."

"Oh! Mrs. Templeton, I brought these shawls
because I want you to go sailing with me. You
know you promised you would come sailing,
and to-night the moonlight is magnificent and
the breeze just right; besides, in the last chance,
as you go to-morrow."

Flora was taken by surprise by this proposal;
but it was very tempting, and after a brief hesi-
tation she yielded to Charlie's eloquent entreaties
and said she would go.

"But we must not be out long," she added,
as a final condition of acceptance.

"Oh, no, we can be back by ten o'clock
easily, and that will be before your uncle re-
turns."

So Flora, having made some slight changes in
her dress, came out again on the piazza to join
Charlie. As they walked away he said, "As
for these shawls, I only wonder I had some-
thing to bring them; that miserable Anthony
was in the entry as I came down, and put every-
thing out of my head by some of his moans.
I did forget my cane and my overcoat as it was."

"You have quite sufficient baggage, I should
say," laughed Flora. "But why do you allow
that melancholy man to put you so out of
temper?"

"Oh, I can't help it. I know it is foolish,
but to-night only think he actually had the an-
dacity to walk out with me a little way!"

"Did he? and how did you get rid of him?"

"I told him that I wished he would leave
me."

"Not really, Mr. Wentworth?"

"Indeed I did, and I told him it so decidedly
that I think he'll trouble me again."

"How do you dislike the poor man?"

"Poor man!" repeated Charlie. "And you,
Mrs. Templeton, do you like him?"

"Well, not very much," admitted Flora.

"Not as much as he likes you, I hope," re-
plied Charlie, "for if you do I shall be wretch-
ed."

"Why?" asked Flora, with a faint tremble
in her voice.

"Because then you would marry him," said
Charlie; "and I should be miserable."

Flora did not pursue the subject, for she felt
the stout arm on which she leaned tremble
under her hand, and knew that it would be dif-
ficult to steady her own voice.

A brief walk brought them to the dock where
the boat which Charlie had engaged lay, with
sail set ready for the start. He had been
brought up at the sea-side, and accustomed
from boyhood to the management of a boat, so
that he felt not the slightest hesitation in taking
a lady out and trusting to his own sailing. He
helped Flora in, seated himself by her side at
the stern, and in a few moments they were run-
ning before a fresh breeze out to sea.

It was a magnificent night. The moon just
at the full, rising every moment higher and
higher in the eastern sky, lit up all the broad
ocean with sparkles of silver light that trembled
on the crests of the waves as if each one were
ridden by a fairy boat illumined by a magic
torch. The heavens were immeasurably blue and
clear, here and there sparkling with the few
bright stars that alone ventured to dispute the
supremacy of the Queen of Night. Orion's
starry belt, the symmetrical cluster of the Great
Bear, and the twinkling Pleiades shone faintly
overhead, while low in the west Jupiter flashed
his steady beam undimmed by the greater lustre
that flooded the scene, and from after the light
of Sirius trembled through space with the ac-
cinted splendor of a distant sun. Low on the
north there was a bank of cloud, dark on the
horizon, but growing white and fleecy, while its
piled up masses caught the moonbeams' elas-
where the sky was serene, and ocean and air
seemed lulled into enchanted beauty by the dar-
ling effulgence of the harvest moon.

For a while Charlie could speak of little but
the beauty of the scene, it was a night when
any ordinary commonplace conversation seemed
utterly out of place, both of these two felt that
under such circumstances alone, on the fair
summer night, the more appropriate theme was
love. Flora vaguely dreamed of this with a
blush at her own folly, but Charlie thought of it
every moment, for he had resolved this night to
know his fate. He acknowledged to himself at
last that this woman was beyond and above all
others, that she was dearer to him than anything
else on the earth, and undaunted by the remem-
brance even of the little flaxen haired child that
had sometimes seemed to him an obstacle, he
was resolved to woo and win her if possible.

Of course with this in his heart it was scarce-
ly likely that he would be as agreeable a com-
panion as usual, and so the two alone in the
boat went on flying over these in a long silence
that was in itself eloquent of happiness. Two
or three times the words faltered on Charlie's
lips, then he would glance at his companion, and
resting the perfect beauty of her pensive face
as she sat there in the moonlight, her fair hair

shaded by some cloudy white mass, her eyes looking for off as if she were lost in shadowy dreams, something in the dignity of her air, the quiet levelness that seemed almost too full for mortal man to bear. At last growing weary of this condition she turned herself to look at the man who had been so long before her. He was a tall, slender, well-proportioned man, with a face that was not without a certain beauty, but his eyes were so dark and so full of a certain mystery, that they seemed to look into the very soul of the beholder. He was dressed in a simple, but elegant, manner, and his air was one of quiet confidence. He looked at her for a moment, and then he turned away, and she saw that he was looking at her with a certain interest, but she did not know what to think of it. She was a young woman, of about twenty years of age, with a face that was not without a certain beauty, but her eyes were so dark and so full of a certain mystery, that they seemed to look into the very soul of the beholder. She was dressed in a simple, but elegant, manner, and her air was one of quiet confidence. She looked at him for a moment, and then she turned away, and she saw that he was looking at her with a certain interest, but she did not know what to think of it.

All this time they had been running off before a very fresh breeze. They had long ago passed outside the bay where Southport lay, and were out on the broad bosom of the great Atlantic. Flora was a brave sailor, not given to foolish fears or afflicted by mal de mer, and she enjoyed keenly the dash of the waves on the prow, the swift motion through the moonlit sea, and the bright sparkle of the waters as they dashed the diamonds against the sides or gleamed brightly in the foaming wake. It was very delightful to be away on the beautiful sea, alone with the man whom she had loved so long, and she was perhaps excusable for forgetting for a little the lapse of time. But after a while it seemed to her as if their motion through the water was not so swift as it had been as if the ropes hung slacker from the sail, and the sea itself fell more languidly towards the boat. She looked at Charlie with sudden apprehension.

"Is not the wind dying down, Mr. Wentworth?" she asked.

"It is not as fresh as it has been," answered Charlie, and at the same time he put the boat about and headed towards land.

Flora drew out her watch. The diamonds with which it was set gleamed in the moonlight as she flashed open the case.

"Half past nine!" she exclaimed in dismay. "Why, Mr. Wentworth, how far are we from home?"

"I don't know exactly," replied Charlie evasively, for Flora saw that he looked full as anxious as herself.

"You promised me I should be home at ten o'clock," she said reproachfully.

"I will do my very best, Mrs. Templeton. I never thought that the wind would go down, if it was as fresh now as it was half an hour ago, we might still be back by soon after ten."

"Soon after ten! Oh! Mr. Wentworth, I trust to you when I came out, and indeed, indeed, I shall be miserable if we are not back before my uncle and aunt return."

"I am very sorry," said Charlie, in a tone of the greatest distress, "I should not perhaps have gone out so far, but the wind was so temptingly fresh, it did not seem possible it could fall so suddenly."

"And it has all died down now," exclaimed Flora, "look at the pennon, it absolutely hangs against the mast."

It was even so; the summer breeze had deserted them, and the little boat lay almost still in the trough of the slow rolling waves. Charlie was as much troubled as Flora, if possible more so, and the sight of his very genuine distress disarmed her anger, and made her so sorry for him that she found herself before long suggesting consolation instead of blame.

"There is nothing for it," he exclaimed at last, "but for me to pull in; I suppose there are cars here."

A brief search resulted in the discovery of two cars, but only one of them could be anywhere found; in vain Charlie looked in the caddy, under the benches, and in every possible corner and cranny; there was evidently only one of the cars on board.

"Confound that Captain Jones," he exclaimed, "I asked him particularly before we started if there were cars and those pins on board, and he assured me I should find everything all right."

"Well, you must do the best you can with one car," said Flora; "I can steer tolerably well."

Charlie took up his car and began his work. "It is all that fellow Anthony's fault," he muttered.

"Anthony?" said Flora; "Why that man is your *beau noir*, what has he to do with the want of a whole pin?"

"Why, if it had not been for him I should have brought my cane with me, and if I had that I could have rigged up a tolerable substitute for a pin."

Flora laughed and took her place at the tiller, while Charlie pulled manfully on his one car.

But it was very slow work, the boat was constricted for sailing, and pulling such a tub through the water with one car was no light task; then Flora found it not very easy with her little experience to steer a straight course, and a good deal of time was wasted by her running the boat off in all manner of wrong directions, and the necessity Charlie was perpetually under of glancing back to see that they were heading towards the land that seemed for a long time almost hopelessly distant. Poor young people! they were as utterly irritated in the next two hours, as they had been happy in the first two. Flora was perfectly miserable as moment after moment passed, and she was conscious that it was growing frightfully late, her uncle and aunt would have returned long ago, and been horrified to find her out. They were probably even now sitting up a prey to the most desperate anxiety, and when she returned how could she ever tell the story of the sail to them! would they now fancy that the excuse of no wind was merely invented to lull their suspicions? she could imagine the grave displeasure of her uncle's face and her aunt's stern frown. No one knew where she was, as she left the house she had looked for a servant to whom she might mention that she was going out, but there seemed to be no one at home, and thinking she should soon be back she had taken no especial pains to find one. If she was not very late therefore, the uncle would probably be sending to the houses of various friends to inquire for her, and thus half Southport would know of the adventure. At this suggestion Flora was writhed, she had always been so careful in her conduct, and here was an imprudence which would never be forgotten. How many means, how much anxiety, would she be subject to, and her blood boiled with impatient indignation at the thought.

As for Charlie, he fancied all this dimly, and was in the deepest distress for her sake. He looked at the car with his eyes fixed on that fair face that was so sternly beautiful under the cold moonbeams almost in despair, he saw the anxiety on her expressive features, he knew that every moment she was growing more troubled, and he felt that she would have him for having involved her in such a scrape. What hope could he have in now addressing to her those words of love he had once flattered himself would kindly listen to; of course she must detect him for having by his inconsiderate folly involved her in this trouble, more than that she would doubtless think that he was taking a mean advantage of her in making a proposal at such a time, when her fear of being compromised might induce her to accept it. It would almost seem to her as if this had been a regular plan to entrap her into a fatal situation and thus force her to an engagement.

It is no wonder that under the circumstances, they were but silent companions for most of the return trip, hardly any words were exchanged but the necessary directions for steering. Flora sat there, her white hand on the tiller, her eyes fixed on the land, where at last they could distinguish the lights of Southport. Only every now and then with a restlessness she could not restrain looking at her watch, and everytime feeling a deeper anxiety at the frightfully rapid flight of time. Yet if Charlie had known she was by no means so angry at him as he feared, and felt in her secret heart, below all her annoyance, a very tender compassion for him.

When they came up the bay the tide was against them, and the time tediously long that was consumed in dragging the boat to the shore.

It was years since Charlie had pulled an oar, and stout man as he was, his arms ached and his hands were severely blistered by the toil. But all that he felt was nothing, he would have gladly suffered a thousand tortures to have saved Flora a moment's pain.

"You are tired, Mr. Wentworth," she said, breaking a long silence as they neared the shore, "I am sure you must be quite worn out."

"Not much," he replied. "But if I were, Mrs. Templeton, it would be a pleasure to be fatigued in your service. I assure you if I could by any possible sacrifice have spared you the annoyance of this coming, I should have been only too happy to have thus proved to you my devotion."

"Indeed, Mr. Wentworth, I do not doubt that you have regretted this detention fully as much as I do."

"And I am afraid you will detect me for having thoughtlessly involved you in this scrape."

Flora colored, and under the moonbeams Charlie could see the rosy glow that overspread her face, just now so pale.

"Oh, no, Mr. Wentworth, I do not blame you at all, and I am sure it was in no wise your fault."

"It is very kind of you to say so," sighed Charlie, "and I hope you won't think unkindly of me in consequence of this."

"No certainly not," Flora replied, and then, in a little confusion, she once more consulted her watch.

"Five minutes to twelve!" she exclaimed with almost a cry of horror.

"Well, thank God, we are almost at home," said Charlie, and truly the boat was at last fast approaching the landing place.

A few more strokes, and they ran up alongside the low dock. The lights were all out in the boat-house; there was no one there to watch the tardy arrival. Both Flora and Charlie were very glad of this, and as he assisted her out, she stole with noiseless steps up the stairs, and under the piazza of the house. The clocks of Southport struck twelve as she waited there, while Charlie tied up the boat and reeled the sail.

Midnight! She had actually been out till midnight, alone with this young man, and she wrapped her shawl around her with a chill as much of horror at her position as from the chill of the night air.

Charlie rejoined her with a step as noiseless as his own, and Flora could not repress a smile at their stealing off like two culprits, even in the midst of her excessive annoyance. But now the worst was to come. She was to face her uncle's and aunt's inquiries, and as she went towards the house, she felt each moment more like a criminal approaching his doom. Charlie employed the time in begging her to forgive him for his indiscretion, and Flora's kind words only half assured him, for he felt every moment the growing embarrassment of his companion.

"And you won't forget me entirely while you are away with your gay friends?" he said.

"No, indeed, Mr. Wentworth."

"Or remember me wholly as in connection with this unlucky night?"

"Certainly not."

"And how long will you be away?"

"I hardly know—perhaps three or four weeks; though, for my own part, I should like to return sooner, as I already long to see my little girl again."

"But she was well when you heard from her, I hope," said Charlie, with an interest he endeavored to make as paternal as possible.

"Oh! yes, indeed! I know that she is always well and happy with mamma; but I cannot help growing impatient after being long away from her."

They had reached Judge Dalton's house now, and Flora's heart was beating very disagreeably. To her surprise, the house was all dark; not a ray of light shone out of parlor or second-story windows.

"Oh, dear!" whispered Flora, pale with annoyance, "they have locked me out."

"I am so very sorry," protested Charlie for the hundredth time. "But I can soon rouse them."

"Oh! that is so dreadful," said Flora.

"What will they think?"

"Is there no way by which you could get in without their hearing you?" suggested Charlie.

"They need not know how late you returned, if they do not know when you came home."

There was a ray of comfort in this. Flora hesitated a moment, and then said:

"My room is on the ground floor."

"And are the windows low enough for you to climb into them?"

"Perhaps I could; but oh! Mr. Wentworth, this is all dreadful!"

And indeed it is very difficult to describe by any words Flora's painful embarrassment in view of her absurd and undignified position. If she could succeed in getting into the house without detection, it was certainly the very best and safest thing to do, but the situation for a lady who prided herself on her dignity, was surely very trying, to be clandestinely making her

at midnight with a young man was, to the last degree, unconscionable, and her entire confidence in Charlie's honor alone reconciled her to the alternative; she was sure he would endure anything rather than compromise her, and that the secret of this performance would be safe with him under any circumstances.

The poor fellow was indeed very evidently overwhelmed with regret.

"I know it, Mrs. Templeton," he exclaimed. "It is very terrible for you, but I assure you I suffer more than you do in this, and for your sake; and as God is my witness, I will do sooner than that you should be in any way injured by having trusted to me."

"I believe you entirely," said Flora gently, and for a moment her hand trembled in Charlie's.

Then they stole noiselessly to Flora's window; one of them was easily opened, the sash was up, and the blind not secured; but when she stood under it, the ledge of the window was above her head, and to effect an entrance seemed absolutely impossible.

"I will jump in and get a chair, and then you can climb up easily," said Charlie.

There was no time for remonstrance, and in a moment Charlie had disappeared through the window into Flora's room. She stood there in the moonlight, thinking with a vague horror of what would be said should all this ever be known, and then she drew out her watch once more. A quarter to one! Just then Charlie handed out a light chair and sprang down beside her. With his aid, it was quite easy to mount, and very soon she had taken the chair in after her, and was safe in her own bed-chamber.

"And now good-bye," said Charlie. "I shall not see you in the morning, for I received a telegram this afternoon which will oblige me to leave in the four o'clock train, so I cannot have the pleasure of seeing you off as I intended. Good-bye, and think of me kindly, Mrs. Templeton, in spite of this."

Flora's reply was very cordially satisfactory, for she found herself feeling a great regret not that the parting was inevitable. A moment she looked out at Charlie's handsome face, as he raised his hand to his lips with the gallant deference of a knight of yore, then he stole quietly off over the grass and disappeared from her view.

The house was very quiet, no one seemed to have heard or observed her entrance, and without venturing to strike a light, Flora undressed very quietly by the glimmer of the moonbeams, and crept into bed.

The next morning when she came down stairs she hardly knew what her reception would be, but her uncle's cordial greeting immediately reassured her, and in the course of the first conversation she discovered that he and her aunt had supposed that she was in bed before their return from the dinner party, which had not broken up till quite late, so that evidently the escape of the next evening was known to absolutely no one but the two who were concerned in it. Flora drew a long breath of relief as all the imagined scandal of the night vanished in the morning sunshine, and went to complete her packing with an easy mind. Last evening's adventure saw by this new light became only a pleasant remembrance, and her interest in Charlie was deepened to a very tender and grateful feeling, when she recalled his devotion and his kind consideration for her trouble.

At twelve Flora went away with her friends, of course Charlie was not on hand to see her off, neither did Mr. Anthony appear; this a little surprised her as he had said he should certainly be at the station, but his absence was rather a relief than otherwise, and she was in the best of spirits as she started off on her summer trip.

A few hours later her heart would hardly have been so light, for she would then have heard the astonishing news that convulsed Southport to its centre. Simon Anthony had been brutally murdered in the past night, and Charlie Wentworth had been arrested immediately on his arrival in New York as his undoubted murderer.

The evidence against him was overwhelming, he was known to have had an intense dislike to Anthony, and had even been heard to utter threats against him; he was the last person who was seen with him, and one of the servants of the hotel testified that he had heard angry words between the two gentlemen as they walked down the path together, and that Mr. Wentworth had said in a loud tone—"If you persist in annoying me in this way you will certainly suffer for it." More than all the body had been discovered in a clump of bushes inside the grounds of the Beach House, and the immediate cause of death was evidently two heavy blows on the temple that had been inflicted beyond a doubt with Charlie Wentworth's bullet-headed cane which was found beside it.

If further corroboration was needed it was found in the fact that the man on watch at the Beach House had observed Charlie steal quietly to his room about half-past one, and noticed that he looked pale and annoyed; and that two hours later he had come out with his valise, and calling for his bill had made some mention of business as accounting for his unexpected departure, and so stolen away, doubtless with the intention of effecting his escape.

The accusation was so intensely horrible that Charlie's friends were at first disposed indignantly to deny the possibility of his having committed such a crime, and even said that he would be able at once to vindicate himself, but when he was arrested his whole manner was such as to give every one an impression of guilt rather than innocence; he was indeed seemingly very much shocked and pained at first, but beyond an indignant denial he offered no explanation of the strange circumstances. He would give no account whatever of how he had passed the previous night; remaining doggedly silent even when his friends warned him of the consequences of his obstinacy, and entreated him to give any clue that might help them to exculpate him. Then too when he was secured at his office he looked strangely pale and haggard, and worst of all his hands were very much lacerated as if he might have been engaged in a desperate struggle, nor would he in any way account for this terrible fact even then how he had spent the previous evening.

Under all these circumstances even his best friends could only conclude, knowing his quick temper, that he had dealt the fatal blow in some sudden fit of anger provoked by this man's sneers, and hoped that on the trial some palliation, or justification of the deed might possibly appear. So while Flora was enjoying the beautiful scenery of the Saguenay and the amusements of Quebec, Charlie had undergone the humiliation of an examination before the grand

jury on a charge of murder, and was dragging out the days that to her were so bright, in the gloom of a felon's cell.

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 2, 1866.

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In order to enable ladies to procure a first quality Sewing Machine at a very little outlay, we make the following liberal offers, which apply equally to THE POST, and to THE LADY'S FRIEND:—

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

RESPECTFULLY DECLINED.—"The Death of Sir John Moore." "Sheridan's Ride." "The Beggar Woman of the St. Dennis." "The Fatal Mistake." "The Heir of De Cadena." "Under an Avalanche."

A LITERARY PAPER.

In reply to a letter from a correspondent in Ohio, we may state that it is our intention to make THE POST, as heretofore, a literary paper, leaving the political matters of the country to be regulated by the political press.

So far as THE POST has deviated in times past from a strictly literary career, it has been at the demand of what were considered by its proprietors great principles, involving the very existence of the Union.

But the danger has now passed. The task henceforth is to restore the bonds of unity and peace. In this good work literary papers and magazines have their appropriate and important mission. They afford a common platform on which men holding contradictory sentiments in religion and politics can meet as friends and brothers. The readers and writers of one section of the country are brought in contact with the readers and writers of other sections, and a mutual regard and admiration are engendered which tend to knit the whole country together, by those mental and spiritual ties which are stronger than any mere political arrangements. Whatever differences in local manners or customs may exist, essentially the people of these United States are one people, believing in the

same great principles, civil and religious, and cherishing similar aspirations and dreams. In enabling our different sections and communities to see and acknowledge this great fact, the literary press, weekly and monthly, plays an important and very valuable part.

Therefore, without undervaluing in the least the importance of the political press, and the good and necessary work it is doing, we maintain that the literary press also has its good and necessary work, which work can, in all usual times, be best promoted by confining itself to its appropriate sphere, and refraining strictly from all interference with the political or sectional disputes of the day.

In this view THE POST will be conducted. And all we have to ask in return of its readers, is not to be so sharp-sighted on their part as to imagine that they detect departures from our rule where none are intended—but, on the contrary, even when articles or passages do inadvertently appear which seem to have a political bearing, to remember that an editor is not infallible, and exercise a reasonable degree of that charity which St. Paul has declared to be the very first of the virtues.

WELL DONE.

We are pleased to see that President Johnson has declined accepting "a coach, span of horses, harness," &c., tendered to him by "a number of eminent citizens" of New York.

We know not that any selfish motives prompted the "eminent gentlemen" of New York in making the gift in question, but we have a very decided impression that selfish motives are at the bottom of nine out of ten of such generous compliments. And even when such is not the case, the bestowal of a costly gift upon an influential public officer is an exceedingly bad taste, as it exposes alike the giver and the receiver to more or less suspicion.

As President Johnson has now set an excellent example, we hope it will be followed by all others in influential positions.

Of course where the person to whom a gift is tendered is not in a situation to confer any benefit in return, the case is very different. For instance if the money designed to be devoted to President Johnson were now bestowed as a gift upon the widows and orphans of those who have died in crushing the rebellion, even the most cautious critic probably would not comment unfavorably upon it.

THE NATATORIUM.

We would like to call the attention of the public to this institution particularly, as we believe it the duty of all who love life, to learn to swim. The exercise of swimming is gentle, pleasant, and more conducive to health than any we know—not even excepting horseback riding. All the muscles are brought into play more entirely than in any other way.

Many people think it difficult to learn to swim; but it is a mistake. A fearless person will learn with three or four lessons. A course of lessons will render the most timid an expert swimmer, if the pupil goes with a determination to learn. Dr. Jansen's method is most simple and easy. All the conveniences of his establishment are complete, and the water regulated with the greatest care in regard to temperature. The pupils are watched carefully by the doctor—all faults corrected, and not allowed to remain too long in the water. Ladies should not fail to avail themselves of the opportunity afforded them to acquire the power of self-preservation, as well as to benefit themselves in health by a frequent use of the *Swimming Bath*. In giving us the *Natorium*, Dr. Jansen has furnished us with one of the most useful establishments in Philadelphia.

A HINT TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Writers should always keep copies of the manuscript they wish to preserve. The money paid for postage will more than buy paper for such a purpose, and the time saved to all concerned is not by any means inconsiderable. There are always risks by mail, and if the MS. should get misplaced, you have your copy, and it occasions you little trouble, while on the other hand, an article sent adrift on such uncertain waters as the sea of Literature, causes its author a deal of suspense and anxiety before its fate is known, if that time ever comes. With the large amount of MS. which finds its way to an editor's office, it is impossible to keep track of the unfortunate ones, and spare the time to return them. Were it but one or two it would be different. But where they accumulate by hundreds, it is asking too much to have all that will not do for publication returned. Young writers should bear this in mind, and by a little extra labor in copying save themselves and others the annoyance which is sure to arise from the non-appearance of rejected stories.

A FUNNY AUGUR.

The Washington correspondent of the *Inquirer*, in a notice of the parade last week, said:

"Stands have been constructed for all the dignitaries in front of the White House. Notwithstanding the orders of General Grant to provide a place for the President and Cabinet, General Augur assigned them to such positions that they refused to occupy them."

That must be one of the "Augurs" which, as Mr. Lincoln used to say, "will not bore."

GEN. GRANT.

Wendroth Taylor & Brown, *Chautauque* above Ninth, have issued a photograph, taken from life, of General Grant, which is truly admirable both as a photograph and as a likeness. We commend it to the patronage of our readers.

ON WHICH SIDE.—A Raleigh letter says:—Gen. Sherman's chief of escort, Lieutenant of the First Alabama Cavalry, is a native Alabamian, and an original. He has such an odd, dry way of expressing himself, the staff were some time in determining whether the man was a fool or a genius. The latter is now decided. Talking before some elegant ladies of strong social proclivities the blunt Alabamian with assumed *snob* friend, edified the graces as follows:—"The Lord was claimed upon the side of the Confederacy at the first battle of Bull Run. His name, however, failed to appear upon their muster roll the other day at Appomattox Court House."

THE CORRESPONDENT DIES.—This debt, it is said, will be paid according to the terms of the agreement, which stipulate that it shall be discharged "three years after the treaty of peace is signed between the United States and the Confederate States of America."

ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS.

The forty-second Annual Exhibition of Paintings and Sculpture is now open in the Academy building, Chestnut street above Tenth. In walking through the rooms we observe that the number of paintings on exhibition appears to be even greater than usual, including Benjamin West's famous masterpiece of "Christ Rejected," which of itself will be considered by many as worth the trouble of a visit.

We have not time in this brief notice to call attention in detail to the meritorious productions of living artists which adorn the walls. All who can should go and see for themselves. A season ticket should be purchased, and several visits made, as it is impossible to get all the good of such an extensive exhibition on a single occasion; though of course even a single visit is better than none at all. The rooms are open from 9 A. M. until 7 P. M., and from 8 till 10 in the evening.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

JANEY STONE. By VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND. Published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

This story, from the pen of Miss Virginia F. Townsend, speaks to the heart with all the power of the accomplished writer. It has all her beauty of description, all her purity of diction, all the fervor of feeling which strikes down deep into the heart of her reader. In the poetry of language, Miss Townsend has few rivals in America. Her illustrations flow naturally as the bubbles of woodland life, with all their music and beauty. In Janey Stone, her most thrilling powers are set forth with a most happy result. We follow the lonely girl through her sorrowful, struggling life with a breathless interest, blessing her for the innate strength and loveliness which enables her to cope successfully with evil, even when her own heart is her most dangerous enemy.

Miss Townsend's stories have always a high, pure, moral tone which makes them beautiful. Her characters are simple and natural, never overdrawn; but her delineation of them, invests each individual with an interest which cannot flag, until she folds up the volume of the pictured life with her own hand. In little Janey Stone, servant and governess, we find the germ and full development of a most beautiful character—a character so beautiful that the name of woman has added to it a greater sanctity—a holier, higher meaning. No one will rise from the perusal of this story without a sensation of pleasure for having read it—a deepened sense of honor and affection for the fair author whose own pure soul is shadowed forth in its pages.

SILENT STRUGGLES. By Mrs. ANN S. STEPHENS. Published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia.

A new book from the pen of Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, the author of *Mary Doreen*, will be cordially welcomed by the public. The plot is deep and well sustained, while the many dramatic situations in which she places the principal characters, excite the sympathies and interest of the reader to an almost painful intensity. Barbara Stafford, the heroine, is one of those lofty types of womanhood we sometimes, but rarely meet in real life. The nobility of soul and strength of purpose developed in the course of her turbulent and perilous life, give us stronger faith in the disposition for self sacrifice which we claim to be prominent in woman. The date of the story reaches far back to the years when New England was controlled by her superstitions—and human life was swept away like straw upon a swift current. She comes from afar—drifts over the billows of the great deep to the New Land—a sad, mysterious woman, seeking for her lost hopes, but only to find them wrecked irreparably. Strong in her self-sacrifice, she endures in meekness and silence, vowing to give no sign, while those into whose midst she came, owing her wonderful power, moved by her beauty and loveliness to more than ordinary sympathy—learn soon to attribute her magnetic influence to more evil qualities, which finally end in her being arrested, tried, and condemned to die as a witch.

The close of the story brings relief to strained heart and brain. The reward for such sufferings seems but meet. But while we rejoice in it, there is a sense of disappointment in the failure to give us a more satisfactory close to the life of Lady Phipps, in whom we become deeply interested. She is set aside without a word or sign as to her fate when supplanted by the true wife of the Governor. Apart from this, the book gives entire satisfaction in every situation, though the sorrowful deaths of Abbie and her children brother, leave a lingering sense of sadness not easy to dispel.

Mrs. Stephens loses none of her freshness and vigor in the production of her works. Each as it succeeds others, is imbued with the power of her earliest productions, with more of the artistic and æsthetic in their composition. *Silent Struggles* cannot fail to find a warm welcome amongst the thousands of Mrs. Stephens's admirers.

"THE CLEVER WOMAN OF THE FAMILY." By the author of "Hair of Reddyffe," "Heartsease," "The Young Sep-Mother," &c. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York. For sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia.

ATLANTIC MONTHLY. The June number has been received from T. B. Pugh, Sixth and Chestnut.

THE YOUNG FOLKS. For June, has been received from T. B. Pugh.

THE JAMES OF WAKEFIELD. By OLIVER GOLD-SMITHING. Published by Frank B. Dodd, N. Y. For sale by J. B. Lippincott, Phila.

A pint-cup may not be ill-treated for not holding a quart. This is indeed a new measure of moral obligation. The man undertakes your argument, project, or improvement, because he cannot contain it. He does not report you correctly because he cannot carry all your ideas. He is a pint-cup. Your friend betrays your secret. It is your own fault. You put too much in a small vessel, and it flows over. Your neighbor has narrow views, feelings and policies, and they do not enlarge. Be gentle towards him, for small measures cannot afford to be very liberal, and pint-cups come to their growth early. They are required to hold but a pint.

"Poor Dick! how sadly he is altered since his marriage!" remarked one friend to another. "Why, yes, of course," replied the other, "directly a man's neck is in the supple position, every one must see that he's a haltered person."

A promising young man may do very well, perhaps, as a paying one better.

South American Civilization.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY COSMO.

Wild Cattle—Herd—Hunting—Branding—Charguerie—Slaughter—Curing Beef—Hides—Tallow—Bones—Horns—Hoofs—Charguerie Soup.

During the past year, there has been in England a great deal published, read and believed, of the easy possibility of cheapening the beef market, and bringing a meat diet within the means of the lower millions of Great Britain, by the importation of the *jerked* material from South American regions.

Not a little of the English paper positiveness has been reproduced by journals in our own country, the publishers of which conscientiously believing in English statistics, honorably conceived the feasibility of cheapening our own beef market, by the introduction into the United States, of cured beef from the Southern hemisphere.

Unable to discover any possible inducement that writers upon the subject, either abroad or at home, can have to willfully misrepresent facts, I am induced to accept the opinion that there have been killed with the "long bow" of some modern South American tourist, who has possibly penetrated as far as Rio Janeiro, and given to his countrymen at home, facts as reliable as those of English tourists through the United States always have been in relation to our manners, customs, and institutions. Not an atom more.

Certainly those who write of thousands on thousands of animals being slaughtered annually in South America for their hides only, must have been enjoying a Rip Van Winkle nap, recently awoke and fell to scribbling of South American beef-killing forty years ago, for at the present day every individual portion of the animal is as economically utilized as the Brazilian, or Buenos Ayres *charguerie*, as is the slaughtered swine at a Cincinnati pork-house.

It is true there may be occasional isolated instances of an animal being slaughtered on account of the hide, but only in some remote region where the carcass could not be made available for any purpose.

At the present time, when jerked beef is worth \$3 the quarts of thirty-two pounds, nearly six and a quarter cents per pound at Port Alegre, in the very heart of the Brazilian beef regions, and nearly two hundred miles in the interior, it is by no means probable that it can be put in competition with the home material, either in the English, or our own markets, considering that there would be a heavy export duty at one end, and an import one still heavier at the other, and high freights in the middle of the transaction, and a dead loss of, I believe, full forty per cent. of the material by spoiling.

As a general rule South American beef will not keep long out of a South American atmosphere unless it be cooked, canned, and hermetically sealed. Experiments in salting, packing, and pickling in barrels, as beef is put down in the United States, have been faithfully made these forty years in South America, and in all instances have proved failures.

Rio Grande, situated on the south side of the river of that name, in the southern extremity of the empire, has for many years been the great hide mart of the Brazilian empire, the market being supplied from all the interior regions, but principally from the vast plains beyond Port Alegre towards Paraguary.

In many sections of this territory there are herds of wild cattle innumerable; in many instances claimed by individuals, who for a trifle have purchased from government a territorial right to the wild stock, while in others millions of free cattle roam the grassy plains as ownerless as the buffalo of our western prairies, the property of those who are fortunate enough to hunt them down in the chase.

Having acquired his territory, and established his bounds, the proprietor takes the field, accompanied by a formidable force of *peon Ardes*, every one of whom are experts with the lasso and at home in the saddle, and proceeds to disarm the dangerous and apply his burning autograph to every animal great and small of the bovine genus found within the limits of his domain.

First, the old bulls are ridden down, lassoed, and flung to the earth, strangled and beheaded, and in this condition, while one nimble peon burns into flank or shoulder blade, the sign manual of his master, with a red-hot iron smelted from the portable charcoal furnace slung at his saddle bow, another barbarian whips away at the horns of the prostrate brute with a dull hatchet. After a dozen, perhaps ineffectual hacks, off pops the shell of the horns, leaving the tender, bleeding pith raw and bare. Then the viry noose is slipped off, the bewildered bull staggers to his feet, and with tail on end, goes reeling away, roaring with agony, in no mood or condition to gore any one.

The dangerous animals being all disarmed in this manner, the cows and young stock are subjected to the hot iron, and thus in the course of a week the proprietor has acquired a herd of perhaps four thousand head of cattle.

As to the brands, they are neither writing, Roman letters or hieroglyphics as a general rule. But the proprietor knows them as his mark, and his neighbors know them as not theirs, and so they serve his purpose.

Having secured a stock sufficient to commence operations upon, a *charguerie*, or slaughter house, is the next consideration.

In these establishments there is as great a dissimilarity of structure and economy as there is in the butchering establishments in the United States. Let us, however, take as our sample one of a great many of the improved order, now to be found common enough throughout the southern provinces of Brazil, and in Buenos Ayres, all along the Rio de la Plata.

A funnel-shaped stockade of strong palisading, or adobe wall, goes out from the slaughter yard, towards the *campo*; and into this the animals destined for slaughter are driven. The narrow end next the *charguerie* is closed with strong folding-doors, above which, on a platform on the outside, stands the *matador*, or slayer, holding in one hand the noose of a strong rope, and in the other a long, keen-bladed knife. The rope leads through a slit between the leaves of the door, its inner end attached to a pair of mules.

The headman upon the platform drops the noose abruptly over the horns of the nearest animal, gives a signal, away go the mules within, drawing the head of the noosed victim tight up against the doors. Re-coiling down with his long knife, the butcher slays the animal vigorously in the spine, just back of the horns, the

holding gate flies open, the mules advance again, the victim falls upon a low truck which runs down a slightly inclined railroad track, and is rolled down a steep lateral plane, at any point along the track, where it may happen to be needed first.

A leather-colored peon, or swarth African, made, with the exception of a few, bloody cloth about the loins, possesses upon the quivering *carreta*, first coming the throat, and while the animal is still struggling in its death throes, falls to, flaying off the hide, the bullock being often decapitated by the time it is quite done kicking.

Leaving the hide still attached along the back, and spreading it out on either side as a convenient covering for the feet of the men, the butcher is wading half-knee deep, he disembowels the animal, unjoins the legs of the knees, and away go entrails, limbs and viscera, to be disposed of by female or juvenile assistants.

The flesh is cut in long, thin strips, lengthwise the animal, and rolled up like sole-leather, until all the available material is removed from the bones. These rolls of beef are also carried away by assistants, who untroll the strips on a platform prepared for the purpose, and there warm, palpating, testing with all manner of slith that can accumulate about a slaughter-*pen*, the slabs of meat are rubbed over with coarse salt, and spread out on scaffolding of poles laid close together three feet from the ground, very like the Labrador fisherman's codfish "sakes," and here, in the course of from three to five days, it is transformed into *charguerie*—the jerked beef of commerce—rolled up again, tied with bark thongs, and is ready for market.

In almost all instances now there is also attached to the *charguerie* a low-walled tile-roofed building, fitted up in the interior with tiers of small laths or sticks, very like a Maryland tobacco barn, in which always, during the rainy season, and in some sections in all seasons, the beef is hung to cure, it being of better quality, and more salable when made in-doors, though the curing process requires a considerable longer time.

The hides are stretched out on the ground, the flesh side uppermost, and held by pegs driven through the skirts into the earth—the time required to thoroughly cure a hide being, on the average, a week. This being accomplished, they are folded lengthwise like the cover of a book, and packed away out of the weather, ready also for the market.

The next important article to be looked after is the tallow. This material is never abundant in a South American animal, rarely, I think, reaching ten pounds in weight, as the yield from the best bullocks slaughtered in the Rio Grande or La Platan *charguerie*. But what fat there is, either about the entrails, in the leaf, or on any of the flesh, is separated, saved, and tried out, in just as an abominable manner and condition as the beef is cured. Indeed, stinkiness is an inheritance universal of these semi-civilized South American beef killers, and one they have neither the ability or disposition to get rid of.

The tallow, when tried out, is usually beautifully variegated in color, the *meu*, I think, predominating; but as this elaboration of color never adds anything to the market value of the material, it might be dispensed with, to the advantage of producer and buyer. The tallow, when rendered, is put up, the better grades in bullock's bladders, and the inferior qualities in wooden boxes; more than half of all that is manufactured being taken of late years for the German market—its reputation in England and the United States never having taken a range above grease. Bones come next the hides in commercial value. The skeleton of the animal, after being denuded of flesh, is dismembered, and the bones, with those of the limbs, are subjected to a high-pressure steaming process, affording considerable fatty material, which goes in with the tallow, while the bones are left beautifully white, and by far cleaner than any other portion of the animal. They are then assorted, all the whiter and more solid bones being selected and sold to the French and German manufacturers, who in turn sell them to us as samples of superb elephants' tusks.

The second grade of bones, goes mostly to England for the making of buttons and such other small wares as are acknowledged to be of bone; while all the softer, more porous material goes for bone dust, phosphates and "Ivory black" for our finer paints, and clarifying our finest white sugars.

Then comes the horny, and these make no small item in the traffic of Rio Grande and Buenos Ayres—no insignificant source of income to the slayer of four hundred head of cattle per day. These require no sorting, manipulation, or process of cure. No boxing, baling, or preparing for market. The bull's horns, beaten from their heads while at large, are collected, and with those from the slaughtered animals, are shipped in bulk, forming an admirable material for "choking off" a cargo, stowing snugly into a thousand chinks that would otherwise go unfilled.

Last in the list of *charguerie* savings, comes the hoofs. These in many instances are cut off, and being boiled on the spot, the glue from them is manufactured at once, while the bones go in with the third class of that material, and the hoofs proper, are sold for such uses as horns are required for, or even finer work—a great portion of the handles of our finest Sheffield, and other foreign pocket cutlery, being from the hoof of the South American bullock.

Sometimes the feet are cut off and baked thoroughly, and are shipped entire—mostly to France and Germany.

Thus it will be seen that something more than the hide is utilized; though there has been a time within my own recollection when in remote regions of the interior from whence bulky exportations were impossibilities, that both horned cattle and horses were slain for their hides alone.

If one were to familiarize himself with the trade in hides from the Rio Grande and Rio de la Plata, he would very naturally exclaim— "Why, such a drainage as this must very soon exhaust the resources of all these South American regions."

On the other hand, let him traverse the immense *Pampas* of the provinces of the Rio de la Plata, or the almost boundless plains of Brazil's great Central Basin, and with the best telescope that mariner ever swung, fail to reach the far-off limits of herds, countless in their individuality as the stars of Heaven, see everywhere, cows having by their sides two calves as a rule—here that all the females of these calves will in their turn bear twins in the third year of their lives; that there is no perishing here from famine or winter's severity; and he will be very likely to

reverse his first decision, and declare positively, the demands of the civilized world can never exhaust such a supply.

As an *addition* to the *charguerie*, let us take a brief glance at an inevitable feature of the establishment—the soup kettle.

Within the slaughter *pen*, though a little removed from the deers of the muck, filth, and odorous garbage, hangs always, a huge cauldron, ever bubbling, and affording its savory soup alike to naked butchers, blood-dripping peons, barly negroes, *mataches*, elon wenchies, and the scarcely more fastidious *florero*, and lovely *Remoras* within the mansion, close at hand.

Constantly the contents of the great kettle is suffering depletion by the guards of miscellaneous soup eaters, who observe no periods; and as constantly it is being replenished by contributions from many sources.

One of the tallow strippers chances upon a nice leaf of fat, and tearing it out with her fingers as full with intestinal filth as they can be, and trotting away to the soup kettle, contributes her choicest mite, never thinking of water once. The butcher cuts out a slice of tenderloin or sweetbread and dices it into the soup, shaking from his gory hand and arm, along with it, bits of foul blood and wigs of hair. As required, some one dashes in a bucket of water, another supplies a handful of salt; the cook from the case contributes vegetables; the flier, which swam in countless millions, contribute themselves by thousands; and when at the hospitable dinner-table of the proprietor you are served with soup from a magnificently chased silver tureen of the material, literally potted with stewed filth, you naturally wonder if there is another liquid abomination in this world equal to *charguerie* soup?

ONE OF HIS GOOD DEEDS.

Respectfully Dedicated to Mrs. Abraham Lincoln.

A Merchant in a Northern city dwelt;
He had been fortunate—around his home
Lay all that makes Life bright, and sweet, and safe.

But 'mid the sheaves of his prosperity,
A reptile thought in darkness brooding lay;
And when the cry of War aroused the land,
He gathered round him his young sons, and

breathed
Into their ears the poison of that thought,
Saying, the South was wronged. Like naphtha

flung
On fire, his evil words fell on their hearts—
Explosion came. They left their Northern home.

And in blind enmity turned their young strength
Against the Flag, below whose sheltering Stars
That strength had grown—and fought for Rebel-

dom.
Time flew—the Father, safe beneath the laws
He labored to subvert—increased his gains,

And proudly waited tidings from the South.
They came—his youngest son, his fondest hope,
Fighting as an American on fight,

(Alas! that such should fight in a bad cause.)
Well, sorely wounded—was a prisoner made,
And then, through wounds and fever, dying lay

in Washington. Fear shook the Father's heart—
What could he do? Some generous foeman
brought

A message from the prisoner, praying him
To make some effort to release his son,
That he might die at home.

What could he do?
Ah! then the Nemesis that follows Treason,
Piled her red scourge, while on the fison-wheel

Of sinless thought, his mind in anguish whirled,
Till desperate hope was born of his despair.
'I'll go to Lincoln!' He's the President,

But he's a Father. Though I hate his measures,
And never loved the man—I'll go to him;
They say he is a tender Father—sure

His heart will soften to a Father's prayer."
He went, obtained an audience, told his tale,
The grave clear eye of Lincoln scanning him;

"Your son a rebel—on a Northern man—
Where did he get his principles?"
"From me,"

The wretched Father said—"The fault is mine."
Then Lincoln clasped his hands, and looking
upward,

"My God!—a Northern man, and son to Freedom."
His eyes grew stern, his brows knit, and the
suppliant,

Watching his face as 'twere Fate's prophecy,
Saw steadfast meanness settle there, and stretched
His hand in dumb entreaty—for his voice

Refused to pass his white and quivering lips.
For a moment
Life's balance trembled—then a pen was seized,
A few words written, signed. The President

Held out the mercy mandate. "Go," he said,
"Take home your son, and if your loving care
Can nurse him back to health, unteach your

le-sons,
And bid him fight for, not against his Country."
Too wildly glad, too much o'ercome to speak,

One eloquent look of thanks the Father gave,
And left the Presence.

On the crime-stained day
Which orphaned all the Nation, when the tidings
Rode on that Merchant's ear, he started back—

Covered his face, and falling on his knees,
Wept bitterly. And no sincerer grief
Followed the death-trail, than ached in the

heart
Of him to whom LINCOLN gave back his son.
Philadelphia. MRS. ANNA BACHE.

Gen. Sherman's "bummers" were leath-
on digging for hidden treasure. Different squads
of them dug up a newly buried mule six times

in quick succession; and the poor critter was
not allowed to rest until his head and ears were
left above ground as a sample of the kind of

treasure below.
Butter is being sent from Vermont by
the ton. It is said it will be down to 25 cents

a pound.
The New Bedford Mercury says a farmer
in the vicinity of Warren, R. I., wishing to save

nest eggs, and too poor to buy the glass cheats,
carved a block of wood into egg form, and
whitened it with chalk. It was rudely fashioned,

showing but a rough surface, and marked by
many seams. It proved, however, a good hen-

persecutor, and the biddy, after the usual pre-

monitory cackling, each day laid an egg. The
wonder is, that each egg deposited by the rude

counterfeit in the nest, was in the peculiarities of
its surface, roughness, in-quality, seams, &c.,
precisely like said counterfeit.

LATEST NEWS.

Kirby Smith surrendered on the 23d of May. The terms were arranged at Baton Rouge. His command includes the armies of Maquader and Price, and is said to number about 80,000 men. Their supplies of arms and provisions were better than those of any other force in the rebellion.

Generals Price, Taylor, Buckner, Brent and others of Kirby Smith's command, reached Memphis on the 23d, en route for Washington. They had communicated with General Canby and Heron, asking such terms of surrender as were accorded to Lee and Johnston.

Union prisoners in Texas are allowed to escape by their guards, in order that the guards, having nothing to do, may go home. The rebels in western Arkansas are negotiating for a surrender.

Persons sentenced to imprisonment during the war are to be immediately discharged by order of the Secretary of War.

A fight between a portion of Kirby Smith's command and a detachment of U. S. troops took place on the 15th on the Palo Alto battle-field. Our forces were victorious.

The Mississippi Legislature has appointed a committee to collect in Washington the restoration of that state to the Union.

The United States District Attorney in Washington has notified the proper authorities that he is ready to proceed with the trial of Jeff Davis.

Attorney General Speed has decided that the amnesty proclamation ends with the rebellion, and that it does not restore citizenship, property, or vested rights.

At the trial of the assassination conspirators, on Saturday, evidence was adduced to show that the St. Albans raid originated in Richmond, and that Clay, Sanders, Thompson & Co., defended the raiders in Canada.

Mrs. Mable Shingle, who hails from a downcast village, about two miles on this side of sunrise, on returning home from a visit to our city the other day, informed her "darter" Jimmie that she "one purty new being pined at the hotel, with some soup they called violoncello soup; and she knew it was violoncello soup, for she found a bull lot of the strings in it."

There is no art or science that is too difficult for industry to attain to. It is the gift of tongue, and makes a man understood and valued in all countries, and by all nations; it is the philosopher's stone, that turns all metals, and even stones, into gold, and suffers not want to break into its dwelling; it is the northwest passage, that brings the merchant's ships to him as soon as he can desire. In a word, industry conquers all enemies and makes fortune itself pay contribution.

The Humming Bird's Nest.—Capt. Lyon, of the British navy, relates that in Africa he watched a humming-bird whose young lay in her nest, building a rim around it, to keep them from falling out. A few days later, he observed the same thing repeated. An additional story was related, to protect her growing brood. And so, from time to time, she built up her shallow nest to a vase-like house for her fledglings, until strong enough to venture out and try their wings.

A woman passing along the Boston Common, the other evening, saw a glittering object lying upon the ground, and picked up the same, supposing it to be a gem or precious stone, and put it in her pocket. Shortly afterwards she discovered her clothes to be on fire, and they soon burst into flame. A passer-by went to her assistance. He advised her to roll herself upon the ground, which she did, he adding in the operation, but as this did not extinguish the flames he was compelled to strike them from her clothing with his hands, which were somewhat burned thereby. Strange to relate, the woman escaped without severely any injury, and it was found that the object she had mistaken for a jewel was a piece of phosphorus.

The mania for inviting artists to supper and parties in order to have them perform on the piano for the amusement of the invited guests, reminds us of an anecdote about Chopin. This celebrated composer was invited by the Comtesse d'Agoult to supper, and after supper was invited to play. He sat down at the piano, touched the instrument for about two minutes, and then got up. "Oh, Monsieur Chopin," said the Comtesse, "you have played only so little!" "But, madame," replied Chopin, "I have only eaten so little!"

After Burnside's fight at Fredericksburg, and when the army had become settled in winter quarters, Burnside was offered for sale by the commissaries. The officers and men were glad of the chance to eat hot bread. One day I heard a man in the rear of my tent asking my cook if he could lend him a board to bread bread on. Morey, who was always ready with a joke, replied, "A board to knead bread on? Why, I need bread on my stomach!"

Carlyle says, "A million blockheads looking into a man of genius or sense will make nothing but nonsense out of him, if they look till the end of time."

Some names have a historical interest attached to them. *Plantagenet* (from *planta genista*, broom plant), perpetuates the memory of *Pulk*, Duke of Anjou, having in atonement for some crime gone on a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, where, at his own request, he was well scourged with broom twigs. The first proprietor of the name *Birch* very probably received his name under analogous circumstances, at the hands of some exasperated pedagogue.

Charles Lamb was in the habit of wearing a white cravat, and in consequence was sometimes taken for a clergyman. Once at a dinner-table, among a large number of guests, his white cravat caused such a mistake to be made, and he was called on to "say grace."

Looking up and down the table, he asked, in his inimitable, hesitating manner, "Is there no clergyman present?" "No, sir," answered a guest. "Th-then," said Lamb, bowing his head, "let us thank God!"

ANN as a MAN'S NAME.—Anne is, or was common as a man's name among the French. The celebrated warrior, the Comte Anne de Montmorency, flourished in the time of Francis I. of France, and was killed at the age of 74 years, at the battle of St. Denis, 15th Nov., 1567. Although he bore a feminine name, he was anything but a woman in temper or disposition. He was a rough, brave, cruel soldier and general.

Ink has been called the black slave who waits upon thought.

"I have a fresh cold," said a gentleman to his acquaintance. "Why do you have a fresh one?—why don't you have it cured?"

THE OPEN DOOR.

Within a town of Holland once
A widow dwelt, 'tis said,
So poor, alas! her children asked
One night, in vain, for bread.
But this poor woman loved the Lord
And knew that He was good;
So, with her little ones around,
She prayed to Him for food.

When prayer was done, her eldest child,
A boy of eight years old,
Said softly, "Is the holy book,
Dear mother, we are told
Now God, with food by angels brought,
Supplied His people's need?"
"Yes," answered she; "but that, my son,
Was long ago indeed."

"But, mother, God may do again
What He has done before;
And so, to let the birds fly in,
I will unlock the door."
Then little Dirk, in simple faith,
Threw open the door full wide,
So that the radiance of his lamp
Fell on the path outside.

Ere long the burgomaster passed,
And, noticing the light,
Passed to inquire why the door
Was open on that night.
"My little Dirk has done it, sir,"
The widow, smiling said,
"That brave little boy is in to bring
My hungry children bread."

"Indeed!" the burgomaster cried,
"Then here's a raven, lad;
Come to my house and you shall see
Where bread may soon be had."
Along the street to his own house
He quickly led the boy,
And sent him back with food that filled
His humble home with joy.

The supper ended, little Dirk
Went to the open door,
Looked up, said, "Many thanks, good Lord!"
Then shut it fast once more.
For, though no bird had entered in,
He knew that God on high
Had hearkened to his mother's prayer,
And sent this full supply.

A FLIGHT IN THE DARK.

My father was an engineer before me, and gave up a tolerable business in a large provincial town to take an engagement under a railway company; and when I left school, he put me into his office, where I stayed till I was twenty years old.

"This sort of work won't do for you any longer, Tom," said my father to me one day. "You are getting as lanky as a clothes-prop, and round-shouldered into the bargain. We must get you out into the fresh air. Suppose you go as engine-driver for a couple of years; it will do your health good, and you will get an amount of genuine practical knowledge that way, which you could get in no other, which may some time be of great use to you in your profession. When you have had enough of that, you shall try your hand at surveying for the new branch they are talking about."

So I, by no means loath, went into the engine-shed; and after a short experience as "cleanser," went out on the *Firby*, as stoker, under old Sam Preston, one of the most experienced drivers on the line.

The life of an engine-driver, when once you have got over the disagreeableness of being, while on duty at least, in a chronic state of greasy blackness, is by no means either an unpleasant or an unhealthy one; and speaking for my own part, I certainly liked it much better than being cooped up all day in an office.

We had a week of night-duty and a week of day-duty alternately; and were always employed to run either the express or mail trains—a task for which none but the best drivers are selected. You must understand that all this took place more than twenty years ago, when the railway-system was in its infancy, and before the electric telegraph was an accomplished fact. The *Firby* was running, on the week in question, between Mellinghall and Rippinghurst—the former, as you are aware, being one of the largest manufacturing towns in the northern counties, and the headquarters of the line on which I was employed. Mellinghall has two lines of railway running into it—one from the north, and one from the south-east; both of which lines meet at a junction about half a mile from the station, and run their trains between those points on rails common to the two.

The Rippinghurst mail started at eleven P. M.; that for the north half an hour earlier; but our instructions were to have everything in readiness a quarter of an hour before the time of starting, and to run the engine from the shed on to a spare line used for the purpose just outside the yard, there to await the signal-bell which announced that the main line was clear, and then run back to the platform, and take up our train. As we drove slowly up to our waiting-place, Sam was in the habit of dropping off the engine most evenings, to have a few minutes' gossip with a friend of his, a pointman, whose tastes, in common with Sam's, ran on large gooseberries and small dogs; and as I came back past the pointman's box, on my way into the station, in answer to the bell, Sam would bid his friend good-night, leap blithely on to the engine, pull on his greatcoat, tie a shawl round his throat, and prepare for the long dark journey before him. At the point where the *Firby* took up her position, waiting for the signal, the line on one side was open to the fields, while on the other were several wharfs, opening on to an adjacent canal, beyond which lay the town of Mellinghall with its thousand lamps.

I had driven up to the waiting-place one cold autumn night, dropping Sam, as usual, at his friend the pointman's box, and had just lighted my pipe, thinking to have a quiet smoke for ten minutes before the bell should ring, when I was startled by the sudden appearance, close to the engine, of two gentlemen—for if not gentlemen, they were dressed as such—who seemed almost as if they had sprung from the ground, so quiet had been their approach, so unexpected was their appearance. "Railway note these," I muttered to myself, smacking my pipe out of sight in hot haste. "Probably a couple of directors. Two had of them, though, to come prying about a fellow's engine at this time of night, trying to find out something against him. They'll soon peer Sam, if they find him off his perch." One of the strangers was stout, and

the other was slim. They were both well wrapped up, for the night was chilly; and the slim one carried a small, square leather case in one hand—judging by that dim light, it might be either a dispatch-box or a small portmanteau. "You are waiting here to take out some train, young man?" said the stout gentleman interrogatively.

"Yes, sir—the mail for Rippinghurst."
"And that starts—when?"
"In twelve minutes, sir, from the platform."
"Ay, just so." His hands began to walk slowly round the *Firby* with his hands behind him, looking at her admiringly from every point of view, and talking to me all the time. "I suppose your engine is coiled and watered ready for the journey?"

"Yes, sir."
"And how far do you run before taking in fresh water?"

"We always take in water at Merryvale, thirty-eight miles from here. We have to stay there three or four minutes, on account of the letter-bags."

"But supposing you had no train behind you, how many miles could you run to-night, say at the rate of forty miles an hour, before being obliged to stop for coals or water?"

"About seventy miles, sir."

"About seventy miles! Just so. Really, these steam-monsters seem to me the most wonderful inventions of this or any previous age; and as he said these words, he mounted coolly on to the engine. Then I felt more certain than ever that he must be a director or some great railway functionary; while the slim gentleman with the dispatch-box, standing so quietly on the ground, beating his chest with one hand to keep himself warm, was probably a clerk or amanuensis.

No sooner had the stout gentleman clambered up beside me, than he commenced another rapid cross-fire of questions, and made me explain to him the method of working the engine. I showed him how to start her, how to stop her, how to put on the brake, and sound the whistle. He expressed himself as being immensely gratified; and when his list of questions was exhausted, called for the slim gentleman to get up beside us, in order that he might explain to him some more interesting point than common.

The slim gentleman, still holding the dispatch-box carefully, had hardly complied with this request, when the bell sounded which summoned me to the station, and I at once started the engine.

"We will ride as far as the platform with you," said the stout gentleman, watching my movements attentively.

The ordinary programme of proceedings was as follows: on hearing the bell, to run the engine slowly forward to the second pointman's box, where a man was in waiting to turn her on to the main line, after running on which for a few yards, she was reversed, and run back, tender first, into the station, taking up Sam Preston at the first pointman's box on the way in.

On the present occasion, as soon as I heard the bell, I sounded my whistle as a notice to pointman number two; and on seeing his green light exhibited, ran the engine forward over his points till we were on the main line. I was just about to reverse the engine, for the purpose of running back into the station, when the stout gentleman spoke to me.

"How far is it from here to the junction where the line to Rippinghurst separates itself from the north line?"

"About half a mile, sir."

"And what means has the pointman at that junction of distinguishing one set of trains from the other, or of knowing on to which line they ought to be turned?"

"His tables inform him at what time each train ought to arrive or depart, in addition to which, all engines going north give two distinct whistles, while those going south to Rippinghurst and other places, whistle three times before reaching the junction, and thus notify to the pointman which route it is intended they should take."

"Just so; two whistles when you go north, and three when you go south. *La moment d'arriver.*" Scarcely had the stout gentleman, who was standing behind me, uttered these words, when I felt myself seized suddenly round the throat with an iron grip, while my head was wrenched violently back; and the next moment I became insensible. Had such a mode of attack been known in those days, I should certainly have said that I had been garrotted.

When I came to myself, I was lying on my back among the coals in the tender, with my overcoat put under my head by way of a pillow. I staggered to my feet, feeling very dizzy and faint, and with a choking sensation in my throat that was far from agreeable. The *Firby* was tearing along at a terrific pace, with no train behind her; going, too, not south to Rippinghurst, but along the main line to the north, as I saw when I looked round, for the night was fine, and the stars shone brightly; and I was familiar with every turn and feature of the landscape. Mellinghall was ten miles away, and two stations had been passed already. I had but just time to make these observations when the stout gentleman turned to address me.

"Getting round again, I perceive," said he; "you will be all right in another quarter of an hour. Here, take a dram of this brandy; you will find it improve you wonderfully. You will, I am sure, forgive me the little rudeness I perpetrated a few minutes ago. Necessity compelled me to act as I did. You are better already, I see. And now I will yield up my post of driver to you, having every confidence in your ability to conduct me and my friend safely to our journey's end."

"And where may that be?" asked I somewhat sullenly. "This is not the road to Rippinghurst."

"Just so. It is the line to the north on which we are now travelling—I whistled twice at the junction, according to your instructions—and it is northward that I wish to go. My friend and I were too late for the mail; we could not afford to wait for the next train, which, in fact, does not start till six to-morrow morning; so we were compelled, in this rude and violent fashion, to invent a special for ourselves."

Fool that I was! how egregiously had I allowed myself to be deceived! I had actually taken one of these men for that awful personage, a railway director; whereas the two of them were probably nothing better than a brood of swindlers. With what dire punishment I should be visited when I got back to Mellinghall, I durst not just then pause to contemplate. It was true that I was being carried away against my will; but I had been wrong, in the first place, in allowing a stranger to get on to the engine, and

so render it possible for any one to usurp the command placed temporarily in my hands. The mail would be delayed; and when it was discovered that I had absconded with the engine, they would put me down as a lunatic at once. But a few minutes more would bring me to Fallowdene station, at which place I would stop and give the two strangers into custody, and prove my innocence at the same time.

"This sort of thing may seem a pleasant game to you," I said, turning to the stout stranger; "but it's decidedly unpleasant for me. You've delayed the mail, and run away with the engine—steal it, in fact, and laid yourself open to an indictment for felony. But we shall be at Fallowdene in three minutes, and then you will have an opportunity of explaining to some one higher in authority than me, the meaning of your singular conduct, for I don't intend to drive you any further."

"Your motive, my young friend, is really amusing," said the stout stranger, with a grim laugh. "Understand once for all, that I, and not you, am master of the situation; and that it is for you to obey my orders implicitly. Refuse to do so, or attempt to play any foot's tricks with the engine, and I will scatter to the winds what little brains you possess, and scratch your bones under the wheels of your own engine!"

At the same instant, I felt the cold barrel of a pistol pressed to my temple; and I staggered back, and should have fallen from the engine, had not the stout man caught me by the collar, and dragged me back.

"There now, said he, good-humoredly, "you owe me some thanks for having saved your life. Do as I tell you, young man, and you have nothing to fear. I pledge you my word to restore you in safety to the arms of your disconsolate friends."

I saw at once that further resistance just then would be useless; I had better make up my mind to obey the orders of the mysterious stranger, keeping, meanwhile, both eyes and ears on the alert. So, with a shrill whistle, we past Fallowdene at full speed; and then I shovelled a lot of coals into the furnace, and poured a little oil here and there among the joints of the machinery, and went quietly about my work, as though no strangers were present, but always keenly observant of what my companions were doing.

"I am glad to find that you have come to your senses so readily," said the stout man. "Keep your engine up to the mark, and our journey will be done all the sooner." So saying, he proceeded to fasten a white woollen comforter round his throat, and to put on a travelling-cap in place of his hat; after which, he lighted a cigar, and turned to look at his friend.

The slim man (gentlemen I call them no longer) had taken no part in the conversation; but seated from the first in one corner, with the dispatch-box between his knees, had seemed to take a very despondent view of his position. Him, the stout man now turned to address; but when he spoke, it was in the French language, evidently that I might not understand what was said; neither of them dreaming that the black greasy-looking stoker beside them was acquainted with more languages than his own.

"How melancholy you look to-night, my friend," said he; "one would think you were in love, so forlorn as you sit there. All our plans have succeeded; and although we missed the train, that is a matter of little moment, since, thanks to our clever *coup de main*, we shall not be above half an hour late at our destination; and Peter will surely wait that short time for us. This night, of all nights in the year, you ought to be as merry as a blackbird; for now you have accomplished your revenge—that revenge for which you have been sighing, day and night, for six months past. So cheer up, my child, be light-hearted, as I am; let the future take care of itself. *Vive la bagatelle!*"

"It is so cold sitting here," replied the slim man with a shiver, "with nothing to occupy either one's fingers or one's thoughts."
"It is because your thoughts are so busily occupied, my friend, that you are so gloomy and distrustful. But you said you were cold; here, drain this flask, choose cognac, I assure you; not a headache in a bucketful of it. And here, take this overcoat of mine; for myself, I can do just as well without it; and unheeding the remonstrances of the other, the stout man slipped out of his greatcoat, and induced his friend into it; then poured a quantity of cognac into the cup of his flask, and made him swallow that; and finished up by insisting that he should try a cigar. But in spite of these friendly attentions, and the cheering words which accompanied them, the slim man remained silent and shivering, brooding over some dark secret, known only to himself and his friend. When the stout man found that all his efforts to cheer the other were unavailing, he turned away with a muttered execration, and troubled himself no further in the matter, but went on smoking his cheroots, and watching all my movements attentively, as though he feared I might play him false.

He asked me the name of each station that we passed, and its distance from Mellinghall; and he became temporarily excited once or twice, when the red light (the signal to stop) was exhibited at some station; at which times I had to slacken speed, and whistle till the green light took its place, when we again put on all steam, and tore on our way. The cold glitter of a pistol-barrel would meet my eye at such times, and a muttered caution would fall on my ear, to beware that I did not attempt any treachery. But the dangerous point once passed, the pistol would disappear for a while, and the stout man would go on smoking more furiously than ever, as if to make up for lost time. He took out his watch once or twice; and when he held it to the lamp to see the hour, I had for the moment a clear view of his face.

He was by no means ill-looking, and seemed to be about forty years old. He wore a thick black moustache, but the rest of his face was closely shaven; he had dark piercing eyes, that seemed to look through you; and, for the rest, was, in manners and appearance, as much a gentleman as nine-tenths of those who usurp that honorable title.

I kept the furnace of the *Firby* well supplied with fuel, and she went along at a gallant pace, for I was determined to end this strange journey as soon as possible. Past one mile-post after another, standing whitely out against the dark embankments; with ever and anon a station, big or little, rushing madly up to us, staring at us blankly for a single second, and calling to us with a thousand iron tongues to stop, as it recoiled swiftly away into darkness again; under bridges imnumerable, each of them a span of blackness that vanished in an instant; then into the great tunnel, wrapped and lost in its breath of steam

and smoke, awakening its thousand echoes that have little time for sleep; and so on again into the fresh cool night; away—past silent farmsteads, and sleeping villages, and great farmhouses that flared their hearts out to the unheeding stars; onward we went till Burleigh station was reached, and sixty miles of journey had been achieved.

I gathered from the stout man's observations that he was well acquainted with this part of the country, and that our flight in the dark was now almost ended; indeed, the *Firby*, good little engine though she was, could not have held out much longer without a further supply of water.

"Half-way between Burleigh and the next station," said the stout man, "is the point where I wish to stop. You will make your arrangements accordingly; and you will further understand, that when I leave the engine you will accompany me. I cannot afford to dispense with the pleasure of your company just yet."

Here was a new view of the case with a vengeance! and just as I was calculating how comfortably I could work my way back to Mellinghall, and reach home in time for an early breakfast.

I remonstrated, but to no purpose; he stopped me sternly, and at once.

"Run your engine off the main line on to the first siding you come to," said he; "and, for the rest, hold your tongue."

I slackened speed at once; and about a mile further on we came to a small branch-line leading to a colliery some distance away. Here the slim man got down, and held the points open by his direction, while I ran the *Firby* off the main line, and brought her to a stand. This done, I let off the steam, and raked some of the fire out of the grate, while the others stood by watching me impatiently. When all was done that was necessary, the stout man took me by the shoulder, and addressed me impressively.

"Look here, my young friend," said he, "you have acted sensibly to-night in not disputing my orders. Continue to do as I tell you, and no harm shall befall you; but attempt to deceive me, or to take French leave, and you will have something sent after you that will silence you for ever. On one point make your mind easy—I am a dead shot; I never miss my aim."

"Go ahead," said I sulkily; "you needn't talk so much about your confounded pistol."

The stout man replied with a laugh, and, alighting the dispatch-box by a strap over his shoulder, led the way at a quick pace from the branch-line over a tract of rising ground, out to a wide stretch of bleak moorland, intersected by several roads, never hesitating for a moment as to the path he ought to take, but leading the way as confidently as though he were familiar with every inch of the ground, which probably he was. I followed close behind, and with the slim man brought up the rear. After walking thus for a mile or two, we came to a plantation of firs, the edge of which skirted the road we were traversing. The stout man whistled twice in a peculiar way, and we all stood still to listen. In a moment the response came—a similar whistle, and close at hand. Next we heard the noise of wheels, and presently a carriage of some kind came out of a narrow lane, that ran by one end of the plantation, and drove slowly up to where we were standing. As well as I could make out by that light, it seemed nothing more than an ordinary hackney-coach, with perhaps a better horse than common in the shafts; while, as for the driver, he was so thoroughly muffled up, that it would have been impossible to recognize him again. He began to swear at us, as soon as he got near enough to be heard, for having kept him waiting so long; but at a few whispered words from the stout man, his objections lapsed into a muttered curse or two, and then died away in sullen silence. We three pedestrians, together with the dispatch-box, were quickly inside the cab; the windows were closed, and the blinds pulled down; and we were driven off at a good pace, which was kept up without break or rest for what seemed to me a very long time, till at last we rattled over the paved streets of some town, and about five minutes later came to a stand. I had some acquaintance with that part of the country, and I knew that within a radius of fifteen miles from the point where we left the engine, three country towns were situated, all of them busy, populous places. To which of these three towns had I been taken? On this point I was as helpless to form a judgment as if I had been born blind.

On alighting from the vehicle, I had only time to take one hasty glance round, and to observe that we had been driven into a small court or enclosed yard, overlooked by high gloomy buildings on every side, when a door in front of us was silently opened, and we all went in. The door seemed to close of its own accord behind us; and the next moment a light appeared at the further end of the long passage in which we were standing, carried by one of the most singular-looking beings these eyes have ever beheld. He seemed, at the first glance, more like a reanimated corpse than anything else; he was very old, and very withered, with a wicked shrivelled little face—the face of a century-old ape, lighted up with two eyes, so restless, cunning, and suspicious, that they seemed to distrust everybody, himself included. He was dressed in an old red flannel dressing-gown, which fell in voluminous folds to his slipped feet, while his cadaverous jaws were bound up in a dirty white handkerchief, fastened in a huge knot on the top of his head, on which a few spiky hairs were still sparsely scattered. Holding the lamp above his head with a shaking hand, he grinned a hideous welcome to us, and addressed the stout man with the familiarity of an old friend.

"Welcome home again, Mr. William—welcome home!" he mumbled. "What luck have you had, eh?—what luck? But who are these? Strangers, eh? Friends of yours, did you say? But are they safe, Mr. William—are they safe?"

Chattering thus, the old man led the way into a large but plainly-furnished room, where a table was laid ready for supper, showing that the arrival of one or more had been expected. Another plate was quickly brought, and the slatternly-looking middle-aged woman, who waited upon us served up a plain substantial supper, to which we all did ample justice. The slim man seemed, if such a thing were possible, to grow more moody and despondent with every mouthful that he ate. Behind his chair stood Black Care, the terrible, the unbidden, and poisoned the contents of cup and platter with a touch of its skeleton finger. As for the old man, he mumbled and jabbered away in his apish tone, unheeded by everybody, Mr. William being just then too much preoccupied

with his own thoughts to pay the least attention to him.

When supper was over, Mr. William and the old man left the room together; but in a few minutes, the former came to the door, and beckoned to me to follow him. I accordingly stumbled after him up a long, dark flight of stairs, and was finally ushered into a room having a small camp bedstead in one corner; while close to the brightly-burning fire stood a large easy-chair and a small table, in the former of which the old man was already seated.

"You will have to make yourself comfortable here for the night," said the stout man, turning to me. "That bed is at your service; and here, pointing the old man on the shoulder, "is one who will attend to your requirements. Good night, and pleasant dreams."

So saying, he quitted the room, locking the door behind him; and I was left alone with the old man, who grinned and nodded his withered head at me; and pointing to a chair in the opposite corner, invited me, in a shrill quavering voice, to come and sit down by the fire, unless I felt disposed to go to bed at once. As I never felt less inclined for sleep in my life, I drew the chair up to the fire, and sat down opposite the old boy, who was busy concocting a basin of gruel for himself, he having taken no part in the supper down stairs. I tried him with a few questions, being especially desirous to know how long it was probable that I should be detained there against my will; but at each of my queries, the old rascal put on a vacant puzzled look, and replied with something altogether irrelevant to my question, so that, after one or two futile efforts to get a sensible answer, I gave up the task in despair, and watched him in gloomy silence while he took his gruel, seasoned largely with cognac.

Sitting thus, I heard from some far-off steeps the faint tones of a clock tell the hour of three, and I remembered for the first time that it was Sunday morning. It would not be daylight yet for three hours. Following close upon the striking of the clock came the rumbling of a distant cab or mail-car, rattling over the paved streets; there was a pleasant sense of companionship in the sound that spoke warmly to my heart, and brought with it an intense longing to escape.

To escape! was such a thing possible? My heart throbbed, and the blood rushed to my face when I first asked myself the question; so that when I looked up, and saw the old man's suspicious eyes fixed intently on me, I felt as if my hidden thoughts were discovered. But I sat very still, and strove to look as unconcerned as possible; and when the old man was again busy with his gruel, I set to work to evolve quietly out of my brain some plan of deliverance. The door, as I have already said, was locked on the outside; but even had it been otherwise, to venture down through the lower parts of the house would have been a most dangerous proceeding. The window, then, was the point to be considered. This was secured inside by stout shutters, but there would be no difficulty in opening them; the only real obstacle lay in the fact of the window being so high above the ground—far too high for me to drop from. Then there was the old man to dispose of; that, indeed, was the first thing to do, for once let him give the alarm, and all my efforts would be fruitless.

I sat brooding intently for about half an hour, at the end of which time I had thought out a plan which seemed to me the only one at all feasible. There were some small pieces of wood lying on the hearth, fragments left after the fire had been lighted. I picked up one of these, and in the course of a few minutes had fashioned it with my pocket-knife into a sort of rude spatula, round which I tied a piece of stout string that I found in one of my pockets. The old man sat watching my movements attentively, apparently unsuspecting of what I was about to do.

Everything was now ready for my attempt. Occasionally I heard the faint murmur of voices below stairs, showing that there were other inmates of the house still awake; and now and then opening or shutting of a distant door sounded preternaturally loud at that quiet hour. I confess that now the final moment was come, my heart failed me for a minute or two, and I began to doubt my ability to carry out my plan to a successful issue. But this fit of weakness was of short duration, and gave place to an unflinching resolution to do and dare everything to effect my escape.

I rose suddenly from my chair, stepped across the hearth in two strides, and seized the hoary rascal by the throat.

"Speak, or make a noise, and I'll murder you!" I whispered sternly in his ear, and I passed the bright blade of my knife close before his eyes. Then, before he had time to recover from the shock of an attack so sudden and unexpected, I had twisted the bell-rope into a large loop, far out of his reach as he sat there. "Open your mouth," I said to him, "but do not speak, or you die."

He was shivering with fright, and had hardly sense enough left to understand what I said.

"Mercy! mercy! good young man," he gasped, and then the piece of wood was inserted between his teeth, and tied securely in its place, and he could say no more.

I next fastened his hands behind him with my handkerchief, then drew a sheet off the bed, and cutting it with my knife into long strips, twisted these, and proceeded to tie him securely in his chair. When I had satisfied myself that he was so fastened that it would be impossible for him to release himself, and further, that he was in no danger of being choked by the gag, I turned my attention to the window, and having taken off my boots, so as to make as light noise as possible in crossing the floor, I prepared to try the shutters, and, after five minutes' impatient labor, succeeded in opening them without silence.

The next point was the window; but I found, to my dismay, when I came to examine it, that it was composed of small diamond panes set in lead, and opened by means of a cement only, far too small to permit any hope of escape that way. My whole scheme seemed to collapse as I looked, for my intention had been to escape through the window, and reach the ground by means of a rope made out of the bed-clothes. What to do I knew not, and as I turned despairingly away, the old man's eyes met mine with a malignant glance of mingled rage and triumph. Suddenly a thought struck me. Although the stout man, on leaving the room, had locked the door behind him, was not possible that the old man had in his possession the key that would open it? This was a question that I solved at once by searching him, and in one of his pockets I found a ponderous iron hammer-key, I imagine it to have been, which

probably fitted every door in the house; as all events, it opened the door of my prison, as I was not long in discovering. Although this was only the first step towards my escape, I could not repress the bounding of my heart when the door opened on the landing, and I stepped cautiously on the landing, and then stood listening to the murmur of the voices below stairs. But the most difficult part of my enterprise was still before me. This was to pass without discovery the open door of the room below, and then go down the second flight of stairs to the ground-floor, and so out by the first door I could find. The attempt, to succeed at all, must be made at once, before the stout man came up stairs, which he probably would do long, to look after the safety of his prisoner.

Before venturing down in the direction of the voices, I gave one last look round my prison, and examined once more the bonds of the old man; then I blew out the candle and looked the door; and having removed the key, began to feel my way down the stairs, one at a time, pausing to listen between every step. Fortunately, the house was one of the old-fashioned kind, and strongly built, and not the faintest creaking of a stair betrayed my presence. At length I reached a large landing, giving access to four rooms. The door of one of these rooms was only partially closed, and through the opening shone a faint stream of light, while now and then a muttered word or two, whose tones I at once recognized, told me that there sat my captor and his friend. Their conversation was nearly over by the time I reached the landing, but they still seemed to be silently busy over something. What was the nefarious business that occupied them at such an unholy hour?

Noiseless as a shadow, I moved forward till I stood on the mat at the entrance of the room. The door was too far closed for me to see the occupants of the room, or for them to see me; but from where I stood I could see the chimney-piece, and the large pier-glass which stood on it, and in this glass I could see the reflection of the stout man and his friend—could see, too, distinctly, what they were doing, which kept them so silent and so busy.

They had got the brown leather portmanteau open between them, and were intently examining its contents, which consisted of watches, chains, rings, and pins, together with several small boxes filled, apparently, with precious stones of different kinds—all, without doubt, the proceeds of some great robbery. I stood like one fascinated, forgetting for the moment the danger of my position. At length the stout man spoke:

"A very pretty little haul, Master Matthew!" said he. "As nice a stroke of business as I've done for a long time, and neatly done, too, though I say it that shouldn't. I got two little black leather travelling-bags up stairs, which will do admirably to hold the swag. I'll go and fetch them, and then we'll make a fair division, as agreed on, and pack up, ready for a start. I must give a look to that young shaver up stairs, and see that he's all right. I'm puzzled to know what to do with him—hang me if I ain't!"

"Stick a knife in his gizzard!" suggested the slim man with a yawn.

"No, no; we'll not do that. If we can help it," answered his companion. "That's a line of business I've never gone into yet, and I don't mean to, either. My motto is, 'Dead men always do tell tales.' I'd rather have a live one to deal with any day of the week. No, I must think out some plan before morning of disposing of him for a few days till we've got quietly away. Not mind you," he added, "that I would hesitate to stick a bullet into him, if my blood was up, and I thought he was going to blow upon our little affair."

He got up, and pushed back his chair.

"Now, you stay here," he said, "while I run up stairs. I shall be back in five minutes, and then we'll go and share alike."

I waited to hear no more, but hardly knowing what I did or whether I was going, sped noiselessly up stairs again. Before coming down, I had noticed on the upper landing a small closet or lumber-room, in which stood a large ragged screen. Instinctively the idea came into my mind to hide for a minute or two behind this screen, and take my chance of escape in a rush down stairs, while the stout man was engaged with the first surprise of the discovery that would greet him on entering the room where I had been confined.

By the time I had reached the landing, the stout man was ascending the lower stair; and the same instant that I crept behind the screen, he paused opposite the door to feel for his key, and the next moment the door of my prison was opened, and he went in. "Hallo! what's this? Why are you in the dark?" I heard him exclaim; and then I stole from my hiding-place, crossed the landing, and turning the key in the lock, made both him and the old man prisoners, and then rushed down the first flight of stairs at a breakneck pace. I paused for a second or two on the lower landing, noticing, some surprise, as I did so, that the room where the two men had been conferring only a minute before was now in darkness. Why had not the slim man awaited the return of his friend, as the latter had requested him to do? That, however, was a question which just then did not concern me.

I had now the lower flight of stairs to descend, and here I was obliged to proceed more cautiously, being unacquainted with the ground. I had turned two corners in safety, and was on the top of the last short flight, when a sudden thundering at the locked door above startled me from my balance, and I stumbled headlong down the remaining stairs, bursting open a door at the foot of them, and landing in a large kitchen, at the other door of which—the door leading into the street—stood the slim man, with a very white face, trying with nervous haste to unfasten the bolts, and so let himself out. On the dresser close by his side stood the candle brought from up stairs, and at his feet the portmanteau shut and partly strapped. I understood his little game at a glance, even if his ghostly tell-tale face had not proclaimed it. He had taken advantage of his comrade's brief absence to abscond with both shares of the stolen property, trusting in the darkness to get clear away, and secure the whole of the booty to himself. A look of relief shot over his face when he saw that it was not his terrible comrade come to avenge his treachery. With a snarl of rage, he turned from the door, and drawing a pistol from his bosom, fired it point-blank at me just as I was rising from the ground. The wind caused by the bullet stirred my hair, but there was no further damage done, and before he had time to

fire again, I had sprung at his throat, and we grappled together, and rolled from side to side of the room in a wild struggle for mastery. He was agile and wiry as a panther, and quite my equal in those physical strength, for you must remember that I was little more than a lad at that time; and it would perhaps have gone hard with me had I not brought to bear a little trick with the leg which I had learned among the Westmoreland wrestlers, which stole his feet from under him before he knew what was the matter, and brought him crashing to the ground, with me on the top of him. In falling, he struck his head with tremendous force against the edge of the oak dresser, and next moment his grasp relaxed, his eyes closed, and a pallor as of death overspread his face. I thought in truth that he was killed.

All this time, the stout man was thundering at the door above stairs, making desperate efforts to get out; and as soon as I had struggled to my feet, the instinct to escape, to get away from that horrible house, came over me as strongly as before. I drew the remaining bolts, and opened the door, and felt the cool night-air blow freely over me with a feeling of thankfulness which no words of mine could express. I turned for a moment, as I crossed the threshold, for a last look at my opponent lying motionless across the hearth, and as I did so, my eye fell on the portmanteau, and acting on the impulse of the moment, I seized it, and flinging it over my shoulder, closed the door behind me, and hurried away into the silent streets.

To the first constable whom I met, I gave myself and the portmanteau in charge, and was by him hurried off to the station, where I told my strange story in as few words as possible; and four constables were despatched to the house, which was at once recognised from my description, as it had long been looked on with suspicion. When they returned, it was in company of two out of the three inmates of the house; but the stout man had got clear away before their arrival. The slim man, who had recovered his wits by this time, finding the game up, volunteered a confession, the details of which were afterwards found to be substantially correct, and the chief points of which I will now give you as briefly as may be.

The Jewry, as, contained in the portmanteau had been stolen from the establishment of Bellingham & Co., the great jewellers and silversmiths of Mellinghall. Mr. Bellingham's chief assistant and confidential servant was one Matthew Lamplough—he who has hitherto been designated as the slim man—a person who had gradually worked himself up from the position of shop-boy, till he had become practically the manager of the whole concern, for Mr. Bellingham was getting old, and glad to move some of the cares of business on to more youthful shoulders. But Lamplough's ambition at last overstepped his prudence, as he found to his cost, when he one day asked the old man to give him his daughter's hand in marriage—a proposal, and would some day have thirty thousand pounds to call her own. The old man's reply, as soon as amazement would let him speak, was a peremptory refusal, accompanied by some disparaging remarks on the villainy of Matthew's origin—he had gone to Bellingham & Co. from the workhouse—and followed up by the intimation that he, Matthew, should retain his confidential post no longer, but be put back to the position of an ordinary assistant in the establishment. Matthew vowed to be revenged, and he kept his word. It was while he was in this mood that he made the acquaintance of an individual going by the name of Captain De Vaux—the stout man of my narrative—a gay-dashing fellow of insinuating manners, who was staying for a few weeks at the best hotel in Mellinghall. De Vaux was not long before he wormed himself into Matthew's confidence, and heard from his lips the narrative of his wrongs, as he deemed them to be; and then by slow degrees he unfolded a plan by which Lamplough might both revenge and enrich himself at the same time. Matthew stared aghast at the proposal when it was first unfolded to him; but the cunning De Vaux gradually familiarised him with the idea, till at length he seized it with avidity. The first thing to do was to obtain duplicate keys of the strong boxes in which the stock of Bellingham & Co. was stored in the cellar below the shop. Wax impressions of the genuine keys were easily obtained by Matthew, from which De Vaux had real keys manufactured. After these had been tried, and found to answer, the time for their enterprise was fixed, and all needful preparations made by De Vaux for its successful issue.

Mr. Bellingham always left town on Saturday evenings, to spend Sunday at his villa in the country, the premises being left in charge of Matthew and two other assistants. It was agreed that Matthew should ask for leave of absence from Saturday night till Monday morning; and that, after the departure of Mr. Bellingham, he should go down into the cellar, open the safes with his false keys, load his portmanteau with the most valuable property he could find, relock the safes, and then quietly take his departure, as though he were going on his proposed journey. All this was safely accomplished. Lamplough got out of the house without being suspected by his fellow-servants, but not till half an hour past the time agreed on, that when he and De Vaux reached the station, they found that the last north train had been gone five minutes. Their plan had been to get down by train to the station nearest De Vaux's house, then take the cab which would be in waiting for them, and so reach home about one o'clock in the morning. Here the spoil was to be divided, the necessary disguises assumed; and by six o'clock on Sunday morning, they were to be on board one of the foreign steamers which started at that hour from a neighboring port, by which means they would be safe out of England before the robbery was discovered. The rest you know.

The old man was too cunning to allow himself to be implicated in any way. Captain De Vaux was merely his lodger, he said; as to what his pursuits were, he knew nothing; and he had been requested to take care of me as being a mild lunatic, whom De Vaux was about to conduct to a private asylum. I may mention that in his younger days the old man had been known as a notorious "fence," or receiver of stolen goods.

The not distant Captain De Vaux was captured several years after in France, for a daring robbery committed in that country, and condemned to the *travaux forcés* for—I forget how many years.

"No smoking allowed here," said the steward of a steambot on an Irishman. "I'm not smoking alone, your honor," was the reply.

THEO LEIGH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DENIS DONNE," &c.

CHAPTER XLII.

AN HARBOR SHIPPER.

I've seen them oft and lightly
Their blue eyes beamed so brightly,
The light that flew
From bright blue eyes
Will wound a breast, tho' knightly!
The oft smiling coming,
Their brows then overwining,
That angry glance,
With head aken,
Would break my bright day's dreaming.

Their smiles when'er in meeting
Were changed to frowns repeating,
Let they should see,
'Neath modesty,
A friendly look of greeting,
Yet they are unknown ever,
And now beyond endeavor,
'Tis proved to me,
That they will be,
Still nameless here forever.
—University of Pennsylvania.

Domestic Happiness in Africa.

Captain Grant, in his "Walk Across Africa," thus describes the home of a wealthy Indian, a benevolent old man who had an establishment of three hundred native men and women around him:—

"At three o'clock in the morning, Moosah, who had led a hard life in his day, would call out for his little pill of opium, which he never missed for forty years. This would brighten him up till noon. He would then transact business, chat and give you the gossip at any hour you might sit by him on his carpet. To us it seemed strange that he never stopped talking when prayers from the Koran were being read to him by a 'Bookreen,' or Madagascarian man. Perhaps he had little respect for the officiating priest, as the same reverend and learned gentleman was accustomed to make him his shirt! After a mid-day sleep, he would refresh himself with a second but larger pill, transact business, and so end the day.

"The harem department presented a more domestic scene. At dawn, women in robes of colored hints, their hair neatly plaited, gave fresh milk to the swarm of black cats, or churned butter in gourd, by rocking it to and fro on their laps. By seven o'clock the whole place was swept clean. Some of the household fed the game fowls, or looked after the ducks and pigeons; two women chained by the neck fetched firewood, or ground corn at a stone; children would eat together without dispute, because a matron presided over them—all were quiet, industrious beings, never idle, and as happy as the day was long. When any of Moosah's wives gave birth to a child, there was universal rejoicing; the infant was brought to show its sex; and when one died, the shrill laments of the women were heard all night long. When a child misbehaved, we white men were pointed at to frighten it, as nurses at home too often do with ghost stories."

LINES.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY M. T.

Oh! the little disappointments
And the trials which we have,
As with weary feet we travel
From the cradle to the grave.

Little trials never known of,
Even by the ones we love,
Whispered only to the angels,
Floating in the air above.

To the angels scattering roses
All along our path of life,
Smoothing down the rougher places,
Keeping us from sin and strife.

Seeing all our little trials,
All our smiles and all our tears,
As they gently hover o'er us,
Whispering softly in our ears,

Bidding us to bear up bravely,
Meet our troubles with a smile,
Each "cloud has a silver lining,"
'Twill be but a little while.

SERMONS.

The custom of taking a text as the basis of a sermon is said to have originated about the time of Ezra, who, accompanied by several Levites, in a public congregation of men and women, ascended the pulpit, opened the book of the law, and, after addressing a prayer to the Deity, to which the people said "Amen," read in the law of God distinctly, gave the sense, and caused them to understand the reading." Previous to the time of Ezra, (427 years B. C.), the patriarchs delivered in public assemblies either prophecies or moral instruction for the edification of the people; and it was not until the return of the Jews from the Babylonian captivity, during which time they had almost lost the language in which the Pentateuch was written, that it became necessary to explain as well as to read the Scriptures to them—a practice adopted by Ezra, and since universally followed. In latter times (Acts xv. 21) the book of Moses was read in the synagogue every Sabbath-day. To custom our Saviour conformed, and in the synagogue, one Sabbath-day, read a passage from the prophet Isaiah, then closing the book, returned it to the priest, and preached from the text. The custom, which now prevails all over the Christian world, was interrupted in the dark ages, when the "Euhemer" of Aristotle were read in many churches on Sunday, instead of the Holy Scriptures.

A RURAL MEMBER of the Connecticut Legislature, at Hartford, the other day, beckoned to the driver of one of the horse-cars, and as he slackened up called him to drive up to the curb-stone. The street was muddy and the member didn't want to spoil the polish on his boots, but he wouldn't come up to the curb, and member went off with a "Gosh, I don't understand why in thunder he didn't drive up and let me in."

The buyer needs a hundred eyes, the seller not one.

THEO LEIGH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DENIS DONNE," &c.

CHAPTER XLII.

AN HARBOR SHIPPER.

That night, long before Hall had cracked away the shell and put the withered old kernel to bed, John Galton and his wife had come to an understanding.

Kate did not lack courage. With all her frivolity, all her vanity, all her natural longings for excitement, all her weaknesses, she was no coward. True, she would often evade a danger, wriggle out of the way of an unpleasantness; but it was from no fear of the danger or unpleasantness; it was solely to exercise her skill that she did it. Or rather that she had done it; for now she was more desirous of bearing all the life that might be consequent on her own acts, of bearing them entirely by herself—she was, in fact, a better woman than when I first introduced her into these pages.

Her reformation had been wrought by no very extraordinary means, nor perhaps, broadly speaking, was it a very wonderful reformation. She had never been a wrong-doer of a very marked order, nor will she probably ever be a well-doer of a very marked order. To the end of her life she will most likely be addicted to excitements that do not lie legitimately in those paths of life which she is destined to pursue. To the end of her life she will be afflicted with a desire for admiration which is not always hers to command. She will never be a perfect woman, nor a specimen matron, but she will lead a guileless life enough, for every particle of good within her husband has vitalised so successfully that it will only die when she herself does.

She came up to the encounter bravely and honestly enough that night after returning from the Caldwelles. The encounter promised to be a severe one, she thought; for John had scarcely spoken at all since Lady Glaskill had thrown the glove down, and forced Kate to defend it. The encounter promised to be a severe one; there would be a sharp tussle, she knew well, with her own pride; and she feared even a far sharper one with her husband's just wrath.

She was resolved upon one thing—to make no little tricks of motherhood or domesticity her allies in this battle which her own errors of the past forced her to fight. She would not take her husband to the bedside of their sleeping child, and there make her confession and win his forgiveness. The trick was one that she would have tried a short time since, but she swore before God this night that beneath there should be no shadow of turning, no tinge of acting in her dealings with this honest loyal man who had married her. "It shall be all fair and above board," she said to herself, and she meant it.

She ran up stairs before him and went into his dressing-room, and stood there leaning against the chimney-board till he came into the room. He had been hoping so earnestly, praying so fervently, that she would speak to him, and tell him whatever there might be to be told without his asking her, that the tears came into his eyes when he saw her there, evidently prepared to speak.

"John," she began directly he came up to her, "you know—I saw that you knew it—that Lady Glaskill meant you and me."

"Yes, I knew it," he said.

"I was going to tell you that I had forgotten to speak to you about that furniture, but I will tell no lies on the subject. I have not forgotten it. I've avoided it."

"Why have you avoided it?"

"He asked this with a falter in his voice; he saw that she was straining herself up to speak the truth, let the truth be as hard as it might be to speak, and he sickened at the thought of that which he might have to hear.

"Why have you avoided it?"

"Ah! why indeed; you may well ask me, generous, lavish as you are with your money to me. I may well be ashamed of having hesitated to tell you I wanted more; I gratified my whim without counting the cost. Can you forgive me?"

She put her hand out to him as she spoke, and the dew came upon his brow. He could not ask her, "Had these things been given her?" but he very much feared it.

"What is the cost?" he asked, in a thick voice.

"I don't know." Then a blush came upon her cheek as she repeated, "I don't know—I don't know, really; I am afraid I have run dreadfully in debt, John; but the truth is, I don't know how much, for I tore up the bills when they sent them in without looking at them. The sight of the sum that would have to be paid would have bored me, so I tore them up."

"I saw that she was speaking the truth, and nothing but it, and it was such an immense relief to him."

"Thank God!" he began. "I mean—then why shouldn't I say what I do mean?" he continued, taking his wife round the waist and drawing her up close to him. "Never mind the debt, you foolish girl." ("If I were that, there would be more excuse for her," she thought.) "What a brute I must have shown myself, that you dared not tell me before."

"Then you are not angry?" she asked, with a great sob of relief.

"No; and you in turn tell me that in future you'll take me into your confidence in preference to Lady Glaskill."

And so they settled it.

After this the weeks rolled on, winter and spring passed away, and summer was over the land, and still Lady Glaskill made no sign of moving. She had established herself in the best suite of rooms at the Grange, and she had caused it to be distinctly understood that the one-horse brougham, which hitherto had been only used for night work, should be held sacred to her sole and whole use. There had been more than one passage of arms between Lady Glaskill and Miss Sarah. Miss Sarah had reproved her sister-in-law's aunt for being a "whited sepulchre," and other offensive things. Lady Glaskill said, in the course of her complaint to Kate; and Lady Glaskill had wept and gnashed her last new set of teeth at Miss Sarah, and been generally unavailing in her wrath. But, despite the weeping and gnashing of teeth, she had held her ground at the Grange, and so even Miss Sarah was made to feel that her attacks had been futile.

But after her last round with Miss Sarah, Lady Glaskill refused to join the family circle promiscuously.

"I will come down when I'm protected by

society, but when you're alone I'm liable to that woman in a poke-towel, and she shatters me," Lady Glaskill said to her niece.

So it came to pass that Lady Glaskill spent much of her time in her own sitting-room, in the ante-room to which her prodigious chess were piled one on top of the other; and here Mr. Shalders called upon her often, and brought her the best of news.

"If Aunt Glaskill were younger and richer, and Mr. Shalders older and poorer, I should really think he was making up to her, John," Kate would say sometimes. "As it is, I can only think that he is, as Mr. Caldwell says, 'wonderfully realises.'"

"What is he supposed to be doing?" John Galton asked, laughing.

"Bringing Lady Glaskill to see the error of her ways," Kate replied.

"Well, rather he than me, that's all I have to say about it," John Galton replied, carelessly. It struck him as rather pitiable, but nothing more, that Mr. Shalders should have nothing better to do on so many days of the week than to sit in a stifling room and talk to a stupid old woman.

"I have been so extremely fortunate, as I have secured—and secured, I may say, for a comparatively small stipend—the services of one of the most earnest men in the church," Mr. Caldwell remarked one day, when Mr. Galton made some allusion to Mr. Shalders's devotion to the very unpromising in appearance cause of Lady Glaskill's salvation. "He is indefatigable—not only on behalf of your aunt, Mrs. Galton—(and here Mr. Caldwell looked as though he believed it quite possible that Lady Glaskill should take all the time of the most earnest and best of men)—he is indefatigable, not only on behalf of your aunt, Mrs. Galton, but on behalf of many another lost sinner among our pauper population."

"Very good of him," Kate replied; "but if it's just the same to you, Mr. Caldwell, I would rather that, before me, at least, my poor old aunt should not be included in the category of lost sinners. She has her good points. I have known her do many a generous deed; and though she hasn't exactly blushed to find it fame, she has not blushed to herself."

"We will hope the best for her. Shalders is most indefatigable in his endeavors to bring her to a right frame of mind—a frame of mind befitting her age," Mr. Caldwell replied, solemnly, and Kate restrained her inclination to say, "Oh, you righteous in-your-own-conceit," and only uttered aloud her hopes that Mr. Shalders's disinterested efforts might meet with their due reward.

Doubtless Mr. Shalders was earnest, indefatigable, disinterested; on the face of it he was unceasing. Through the winter and spring months the Grange avenue gates opened to and closed behind him daily. Lady Glaskill called him a "good young man—a dear, good young man," and declared him to be her sole comfort. He read to her long windy extracts from long windy discourses, in which a few originally good ideas were smothered beneath superfluous words. He talked to her over her fire-clock table, before dinner, in a way that made her feel that it was just as easy and pleasant to be pious when you were in the country, and there were no card parties going, as it was to be wicked and worldly. Above all, he listened to her; listened to her with keen interest, and laughed at her old stories, and seemed to like the flavor she imparted to them. He was a very clever man," Lady Glaskill told her niece, "and if he were ever given his chance, he would be a shining light," she added. And Kate said, "Oh! would he?" and did not care much about it.

The tendrils of Lady Glaskill's tough old heart went out and wound themselves around him. He was the sort of man to win his way eventually with worn-out women, for he had a subservient manner at command, which they mistook for reverence, and a certain vivacity, a way of saying things in a cheerful strain, as if (the Lord willing) he too could joke within bounds, which they mistook for wit. He could bow his head and press his lips on the fattest or most withered hand without the slightest sign of nausea. He practised this legitimate mark of affection on Lady Glaskill, and Lady Glaskill looked upon it as a very proper and becoming outlet escape-valve for those holy enthusiasms of his which he assured her he felt in the society of the chosen. It was pleasant to her to feel that he believed her to be a chosen vessel; pleasant also to be the recipient of the osculatory sign of his belief.

He wrote notes for her ladyship, and got her to go to church on sacrament Sundays, by inducing Mr. Caldwell to drop the sermon on those occasions. He ran errands for her all over the Grange, rendering himself like unto a tame-dog in her service. He told Mrs. Galton, with touching fervor, that he was "but an instrument," and led her to believe that her aunt was coming back to the fold from which she had strayed at some very remote period at a hand carter.

"I am only glad that her eccentricities have taken that form," Mrs. Galton said, in reply; and to her husband she added, "It's a harmless way of passing her time—which is more than can be said of any of her previous occupations, I fancy."

So the months passed on uneventfully, and summer came again, and John Galton asked Frank Burgoyne down to stay at the Grange, as has been told.

"If he comes, I shall ask Theo Leigh down to," Kate said to her husband, while it was still uncertain whether Frank would come or not; to which John Galton, who knew that his wife could not have been blind to Frank's hopeless passion for her, replied,

"It would be better, perhaps."

But before anything was finally decided upon, Lady Glaskill declared that she must go up to town to "see about her dividends;" and when John Galton offered to save her all trouble, she snapped out an abrupt refusal. It happened fortunately that when Lady Glaskill's intention was made manifest, that Mr. Shalders found that business which needed his presence in London would call him thither about the same time as her ladyship.

"So, if you could travel up together, and see after aunt a little, I should be infinitely obliged to you," Kate said to him; and he promised that he would go up with and see after Lady Glaskill; in fact, as Hall observed, "he was quite conformable to the plan."

Fortunately for Mr. Shalders, who accompanied her, Lady Glaskill did not put him to the test by wearing her velvet cap with the fer border. It was warm weather, so she spared his feelings and abstained from the cap. But she wore a sweet simple bonnet, that would have

been a good deal better than the cap.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKET.
The supply of beef cattle during the past week amounted to about 100 head. Two years old steers from \$11 to 15.00; 100 lbs. 3 yrs. Heifers from \$11.00 to 13.00; 100 lbs. Steers—also—bred or disposed of at from \$6.00 to 9.00 & B. 125 Cows brought from
